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FEBRUARY, 1952

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 44 No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1952

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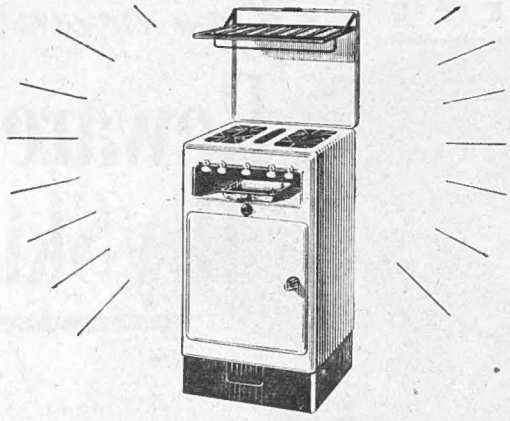

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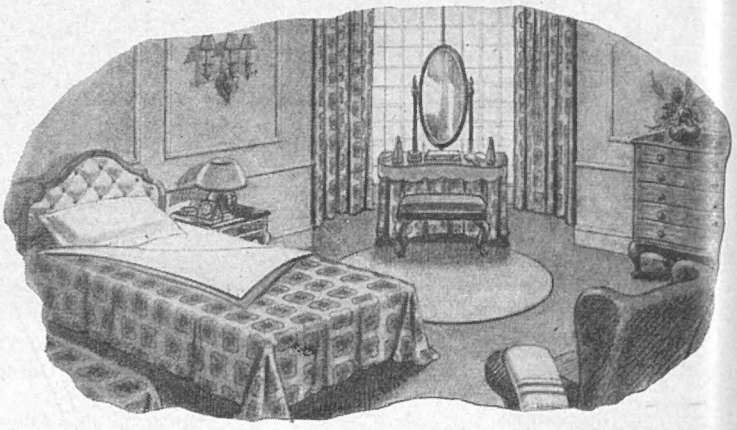

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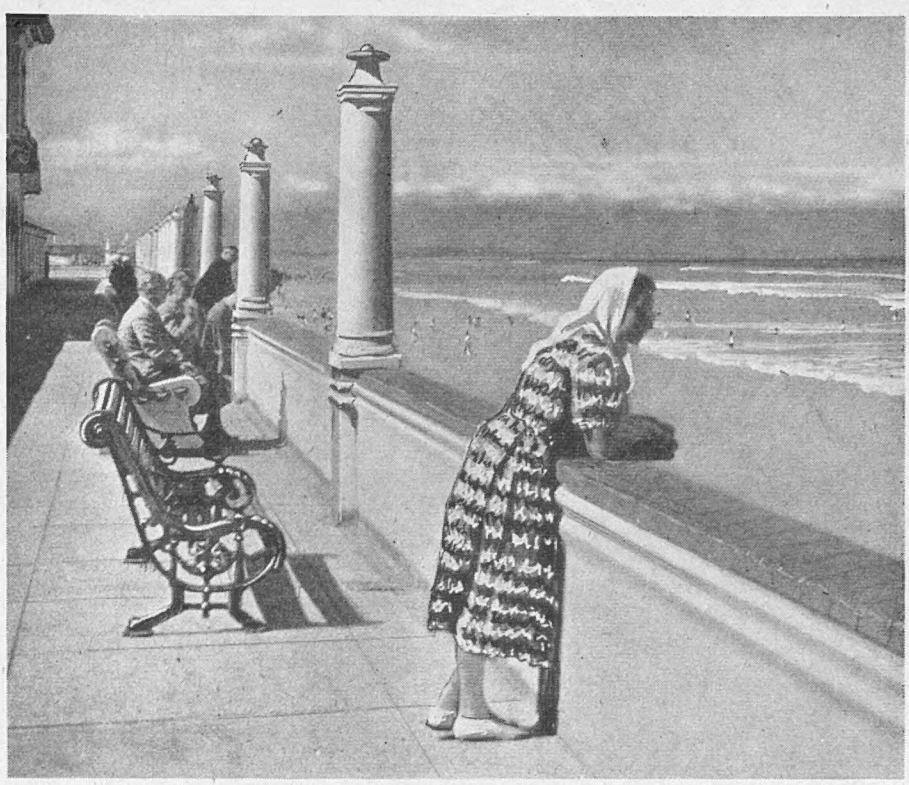

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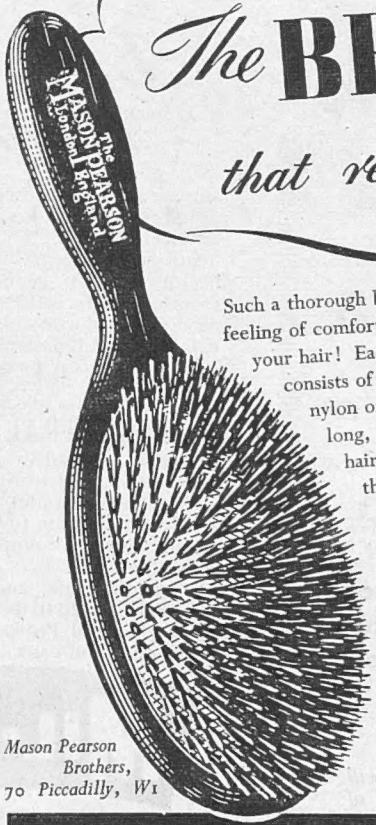

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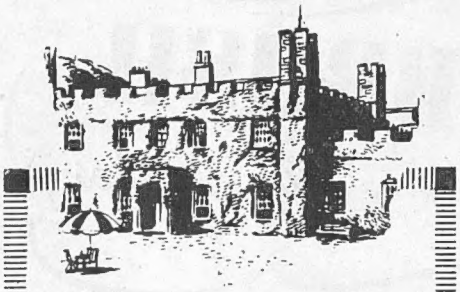

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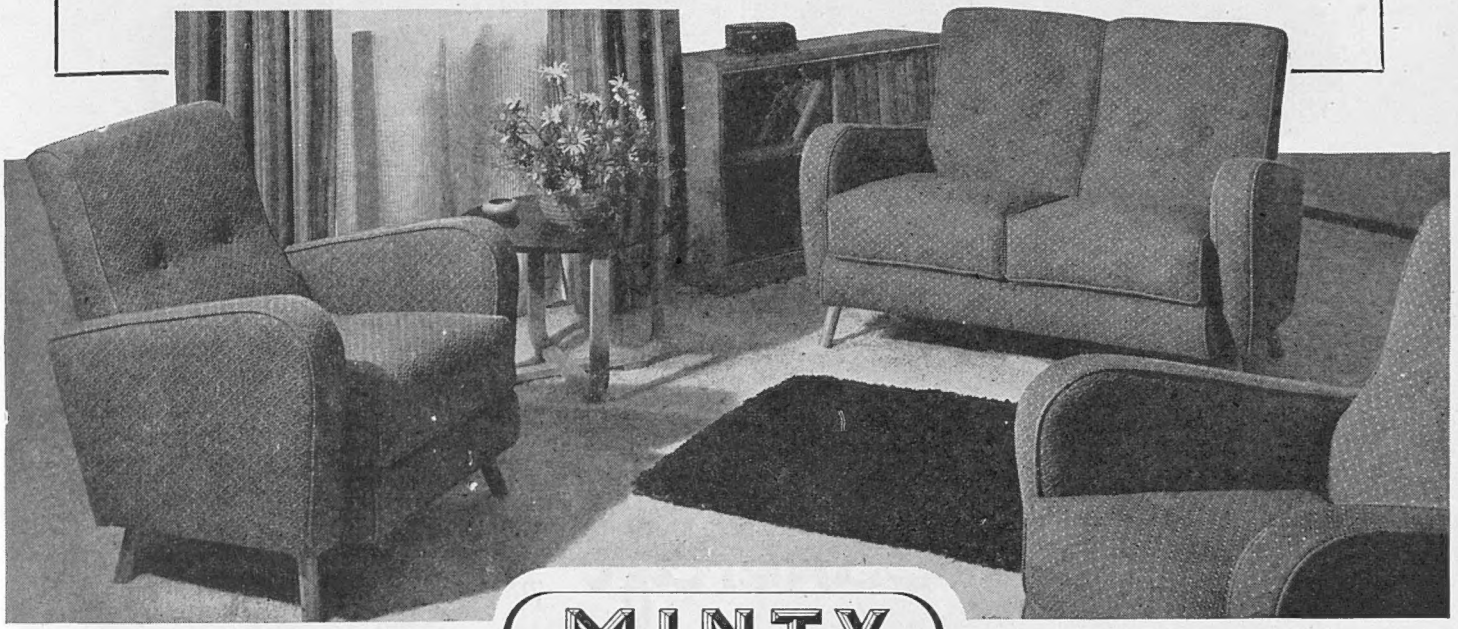

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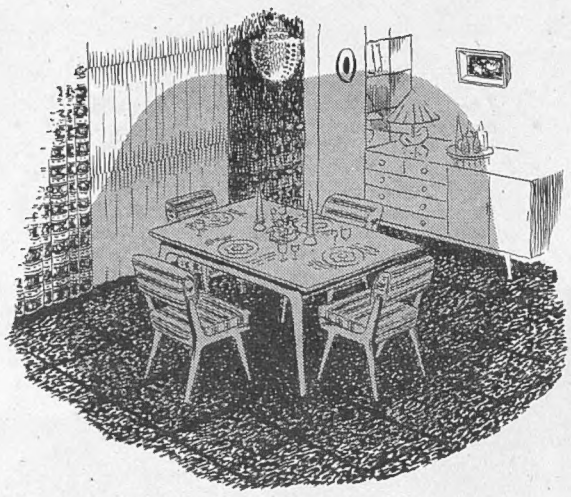
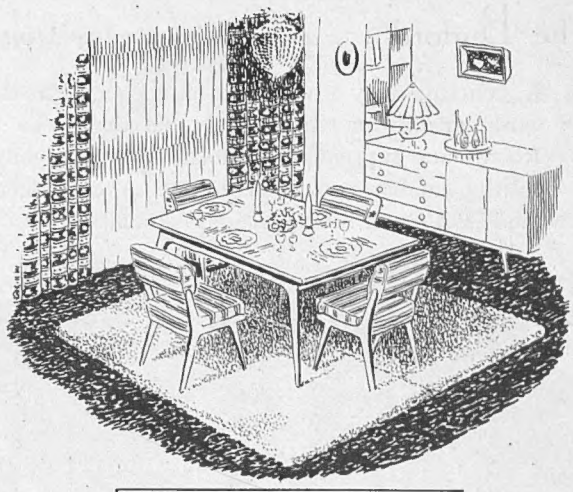


the dining-room



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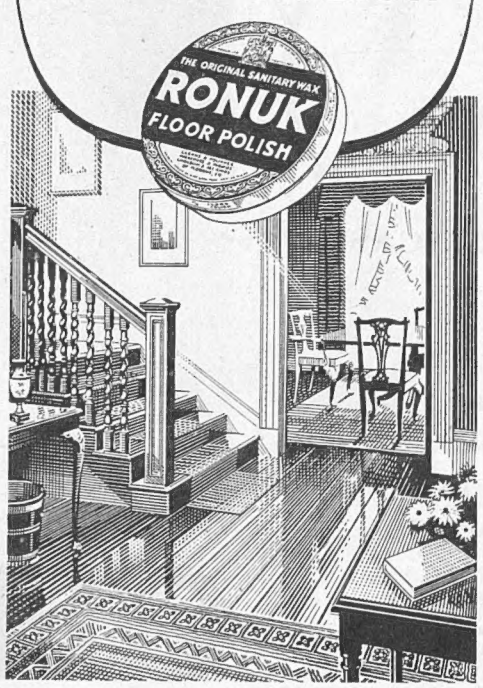

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"May I see a ghost now, please?" Timmie asked, at the end of the first grand tour.

Vacant Possession

A Short Story

by

LAUREL PASCAL.

ACCORDING to the house agent, it was seven miles as the crow flies from the market town of Clayton to the village of Lower Westbury. As we chugged along the curly Sussex lanes in our ancient car, it seemed to me the crow had all the advantages.

Claudia talked all the time about life in the dream cottage we were on our way to look over. She calculated how much jam she would make, the quantity of fruit she would bottle, the heavenly week-end parties she would give for unfortunate friends left behind in town.

Every time she paused for breath I said: "Ghosts!" But Claudia wasn't to be put off. So far as she was concerned the warnings of the house agent had fallen on deaf ears. As we chuntered slowly up a hill in third gear she shouted above the din: "I can't think what that silly old man was making such a fuss about. All the best country houses have a ghost. And, anyway, I would much rather share my kitchen with a spook than put up with . . ."

"Your in-laws," I put in nastily. We were sharing my parents' home and although the two women in my life love each other, that doesn't prevent them from getting on each other's nerves.

Claudia kissed me and nearly wrecked the car. "They're the loveliest in-laws a girl ever had and as soon as I get away from them I shall always be asking them down to stay. You'll see. . . ."

What we did see was a tall hedge with a notice-board leaning drunkenly over the top:

CLEGGETTS.

TO BE SOLD.

VACANT POSSESSION.

Hardly waiting for the car to stop, Claudia jumped out. "Oh—it's a duck of a cottage!" she cried.

I joined her at the gate and we gazed our fill. The cottage stood at the end of a long brick path, the home we had dreamed about for years. It had a deep roof of Horsham slate, diamond-pane windows and a welcoming porch covered in winter jasmine. Beyond the cottage, sheltered by fir-trees, stood a low, white-washed building, with smoke rising from the chimney.

"The home of the Snags!" Claudia hissed in a stage whisper.

I knew what she meant. Early in the war the staff bungalow had been let to evacuees named Crump, and they'd been there ever since. They paid £50 per annum rent and had acted as caretakers for the cottage. According to the house agent, there wasn't a chance of getting them out.

Claudia danced off down the path, looking more like a teenager than the mother of three children. When I caught up with her she was peering through the cobwebby windows of the sitting-room. "There's a fireplace big enough to roast an ox!" she squealed excitedly.

"We haven't got an ox."

Ignoring this she said: "It's going to look a dream of a room when we've given it a wash of white distemper." She darted round the end of the cottage and I caught up with her at the kitchen door. She had her eye at the keyhole: "It's got a bread-oven, Joe—imagine that! And a great big copper in the corner. . . ."

"Would you be wanting something?" a flat voice said behind us. A fat women draped in a black shawl stood staring at us. She had small, dark eyes, a large, pale face and a lot of greasy black hair. She did not seem overjoyed to see us.

"Oh—you must be Mrs. Snag!" Claudia said brightly, wasting one of her best smiles.

"Crump, dear," I put in gently, "Mrs. Crump."

"Of course—how silly of me! We're from Polton and Spriggetts, Mrs Crump. We've got an order to view."

An eerie atmosphere enveloped the house.

The woman produced an enormous key from the pocket of her skirt. "Come this way," she grunted. We followed her to the nail-studded front door. The key grated In the lock and a surge of dank air came out to meet us. "Did Mr. Polton happen to tell you what was wrong with Cleggetts?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Well, he did rather hint that it was haunted," Claudia admitted, looking scared.

"It's got a curse on it, that's what he ought to have told you."

Reluctantly Mrs. Crump led the way. Apart from being full of beams that seemed to jump out and hit me, the cottage was dark and dirty. And there was a most unpleasant smell.

"Dry-rot," our guide explained, "the beams are riddled with it."

"They felt hard enough to me," I said, rubbing my head. In fact, I rather fancied that I might be suffering from mild concussion.

"Want to go upstairs?" asked Mrs. Crump in sepulchral tones.

"We might as well, don't you think so, dear?" Claudia said, looking at me.

I grinned to myself. Knowing my wife, I knew that wild horses wouldn't have prevented her from exploring every nook and cranny of the place.

WE followed the short, dumpy body up the stairs, our footsteps echoing mournfully on the bare oak treads. "Mind your head," the woman said, a fraction too late. Only good luck and a stout banister saved me from breaking my neck.

"You all right, Joe?" Claudia cried from the front bedroom.

"I'm fine, dear. I've only fractured my skull."

I found her peering into a vast cupboard built into the thickness of the wall. "It's as big as your mother's spare room," she whispered in my ear. Mrs. Crump's eyes bored holes in our defenceless backs. "Are the bedrooms haunted," Claudia asked her politely, "or only the downstair rooms?"

"It's not my place to talk," she said repressively, "but I know what I know."

"Oh—quite," Claudia agreed hastily. She ran ahead of us, across the landing, and Mrs. Crump padded noiselessly after her. Almost immediately Claudia screamed. I rushed forward, forgetting the beam until I hit it again. By the time I had picked myself up and remembered who I was, Claudia was plucking at my sleeve. "There's a dead bird in there," she gasped, "lying on the floor. . . ."

Pandemonium broke out. The noises were all round us. Doors banged, windows rattled and there seemed to be a thunderstorm going on somewhere in the lower regions of the house.

Mrs. Crump appeared behind her, a very dead magpie dangling from her hand. She held it with the nonchalance of one used to finding such trophies and Claudia shuddered. "D-does that k-kind of thing often happen?" she asked.

Mrs. Crump primmed her lips. "It's not for me to say what goes on in this house."

It was nice to get out of doors. The light was fading but the garden looked trim and well-cared-for. A cherry-tree that would later be a drift of pink blossom leaned lovingly over the front of the cottage. Behind a huddle of homely out-buildings there was an acre of kitchen garden. There were also sloping lawns, a neglected tennis-court and an orchard.

"The garden is lovely," Claudia said, drawing deep, reviving breaths of frosty air.

"Crump does his best," the woman said gloomily, locking the front door.

BACK in the car, Claudia said nothing till we reached the village at the bottom of the hill. Then I had another surprise. "Let's stop at the Post Office, Joe, and ring Mr. Polton. He said he'd be at the office until six."

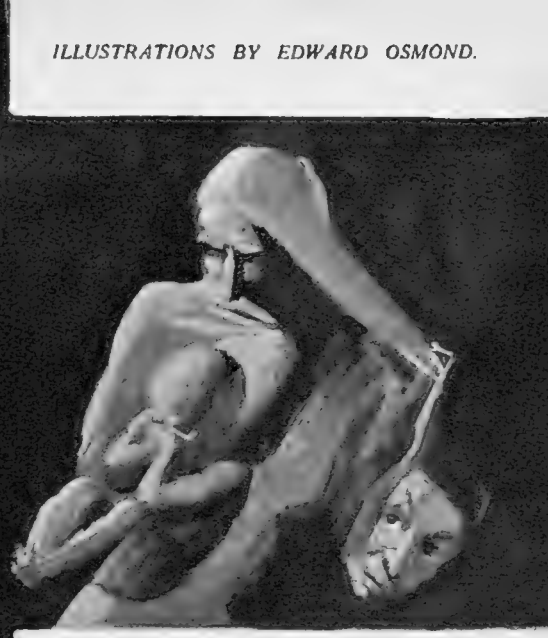
"Why ring him?" I said. "Want to tear him off a strip?"

She looked at me pityingly: "He said his client would accept any reasonable offer for Cleggetts, so make an unreasonable offer and see what happens."

"I'm not so fussy about ghosts," I said reasonably, "but I draw the line at dry-rot. . . ."

"Dry-rot fiddlesticks," she snapped. She opened her hand and I saw she was armed with a sharp penknife. "I stuck this in every place I could reach when the Snag wasn't looking. Those beams are like iron."

I rubbed the egg-like lumps on my head. "You're telling me!" As I was getting into the telephone booth she



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD OSMOND.

shouted after me: "Ask him to ring us up to-morrow."

All the way home Claudia redecorated the cottage, made curtains and furnished each room down to the last bit of china. By the time we reached London I was almost as enthusiastic as she was. If the ghost-weary owner accepted our offer we would have enough money left for such luxuries as a modern kitchen and bathroom and a washing-machine. As for the garden, the children wouldn't know themselves with two acres to play around in. . .

"And we 'll keep chickens and ducks," Claudia said happily, "and Timmie can have a dog and Jennie a rabbit. And poor old Smudge will be able to keep her next batch of kittens . . ."

"What puzzles me," I put in slowly, "is the way you acted back in the cottage. I thought you were scared stiff—so did that old black crow. She never expects to clap eyes on the Fletcher family again."

Claudia gave me one of her looks: "Men are so stupid," she said. "Don't you see that putting people off is the Snags' job? If we'd shown we were keen she might have rushed off and bought the place herself."

I shook my head. Sometimes my wife seems as simple as a child, but most of the time Machiavelli himself would have to get up early to keep up with her. "What about the kids, though," I said, "we don't want them scared."

"Don't worry," she said airily, "I 'll condition them to ghosts before we move in. The baby will grow up with them—you know—like cat and dog." She flashed me a smile: "That 's if there are any ghosts!"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't trust that woman," she said darkly.

CLAUDIA rang me at the office next day and broke the news. The cottage was ours pending the formality of paying for it. We could move in as soon as we liked. Knowing Claudia, I said cautiously: "There 's a lot to be done before it 's fit to live in. Take all of three months."

"You could take your holiday now, Joe," she said firmly, "and then we 'd be right on the spot to get things the way we want them. Grannie has offered to take care of the children. . . ."

"So that 's your idea of a holiday . . ." I began, but Claudia had rung off.

Getting the cottage in shape took only a few weeks. We were lucky in getting a local man to put in the bath and boiler, and he and his crony worked all hours of the day and night. As for Claudia and I, we cleaned, painted and colour-washed every inch of the cottage and were as happy as crickets.

As soon as the plumbing was finished we collected the children. Introducing them to their new home gave us the thrill of a lifetime. Even the baby seemed to notice the difference between Sussex sea breezes and the soot of Battersea. As for the cat, it had never seen real grass before or climbed a tree, and it nearly went mad with excitement.

"May I see a ghost now, please?" Timmie asked, at the end of the first grand tour. Our eldest is seven, and of a scientific frame of mind.

"Ghosts," Claudia explained, "are like magic. They come when you least expect them."

"Nice magics?" Jennie asked doubtfully, sucking the top of her thumb. (She 's barely five, the imaginative type.)

"Of course they 're nice, darling," Claudia said, hugging her protectively.

Almost at once we managed to get a local girl to live in and help with the children. One of a family of twelve, what had finally subjugated her was the idea of having a blue-and-white bedroom all to herself. "It don't *look* haunted," she said doubtfully.

WITH the house and children under control, Claudia and I were able to get on with the garden. The only snag—or, rather, Snags were our tenants. Like a couple of banshees they kept watch on us, waiting, Claudia said, for something nasty to happen. The male Crump was a wiry little man with close-set, shifty blue eyes. He haunted the garden like a dispossessed spirit while we sowed long rows of peas and beans. Mrs. Crump kept watch on our goings and comings through her lace curtains.

"They 're thinking of the happy days of long ago," Claudia said spitefully. "Mrs. Sergeant, at the post office, said they made a fortune out of the garden. They sold fruit and vegetables in the market, and Mrs. Snag made hundreds of pounds of jam." She laughed scornfully: "Ghosts, indeed! What did I tell you?"

That very night things began to happen. Possibly they had happened before, since we had become used to falling asleep to the sound of hammering and waking to the pleasant burr of Sussex voices. But as Claudia pointed out to me in the night watches, the workmen had been out of the house over two weeks.

"Can't hear a thing," I said resentfully, trying to slip back into a dream about finding a seam of gold in the orchard.

"Listen!" she hissed.

Three loud cracks sounded above my head, followed by the clatter of hob-nailed boots pounding up and down the stairs. In a flash (*Continued on page* 80)

Noiseless, and almost invisible in his black dressing-gown and rubber sneakers, he seemed to be everywhere at once.

By
Ferdinand Tuohy

This dress by Germaine Lecomte made a big hit when it was shown to the wives of U.N. delegates in Paris

Some live to dress, while others dress to live, but the Paris dressmaker struggles for her very existence

A Crisis For Paris Models

WHILE it is probably true that Paris models provoke more interest across the world than at any time in all the 175 years since Rose Bertin, Marie-Antoinette's dressmaker, sent doll mannequins to foreign Courts from the first fashion workroom in the faubourg Saint-Honoré, the quick, mincing gait and twirls of the mannequins at this month's summer collections should in accuracy be set upon shifting sands and against a stormy sky.

The *frissons* of the Faubourg—now back again in command of *haute couture*, and with a capital "F" this time—will be of two kinds : flutters of appreciation from the invited company, and shivers of trepidation among those responsible for the forty-odd collections of a total value estimated at £500,000 and costing between £20,000 and £30,000 to present on their usual scale.

That they know—admit—they are already charging too much for their clientèle, yet drive themselves to charge more, is enough to give any body of people the shivers. But that's not the half of it. Several things are happening to the industry simultaneously and from different angles. It is well and truly in the melting pot, and all concerned know it, from the masters in their designing studios down to the latest joined sewing-girls.

The *cousettes* are at the bottom of the business in more senses than one. All sewing has to be by hand in the top reaches. Following the trend of the times, labour costs are soaring, and it is particularly the social security charge of one-third on salaries up to £34 a month, that has put many firms in the red—which may or may not have led to that colour predominating in recent collections. Anyway, the Government saw a signal and subsidized the social security side a little, but now insists that the firms shall pay arrears amounting to 1,000,000,000 francs —less palpitatingly put, £1 million.

If the seamstresses' wages have kept pace with the mad inflation of Paris, they are lucky. But do they reflect sufficiently that ever higher wages are additional to social security (*Continued on page* 74)

The *cousettes* are at the bottom of the business in more senses than one

Gertie Millar

Olive May

Gabrielle Ray

Our Nights

W. Macqueen-Pope

W. Macqueen-Pope comes of a very old theatrical family. One of his ancestors—Morgan Pope—ran the Bear Gardens, Bankside, in 1585. Another, Thomas Pope, was a leading comedian in Burbage's Company, a contemporary of Shakespeare, a shareholder in the Globe Theatre and the creator of the part of Falstaff. Mr. Pope's family have been at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane in unbroken succession since 1720. His great-great-great-aunt, Jane Pope, was a leading lady with David Garrick and under Sheridan created the rôles of Mrs. Candour in "The School for Scandal" and Tilburina in "The Critic." His great-great-grandfather,

The First Of A New Series:

IT must have been King Charles II's devotion to the Theatre which made him take such a very long time to die. For the Theatre has been, by popular consent, dying ever since it was born in Greece several centuries B.C. Yet to-day it is more popular than ever. Plays run for two or three years, the playhouses are packed, and on all sides one hears actors and acting being widely discussed. And the Amateur Theatre is a nation-wide organization. Yet times are hard, money scarce and the Theatre has never had to face so much competition.

No form of Art has been so persecuted as the Theatre. The early Christians closed it down entirely because the Romans had debased it. It lived on—and the Church revived it again in the form of the Mystery, Morality and Miracle Plays, only to become its enemy again when the Secular Drama arose. The civic authorities were for many years its relentless enemies driving the players from pillar to post, persecuting them cruelly, because they held that the crowds which plays attracted spread the Plague. It never occurred to them to try and wipe out the Plague—they tried to wipe out the actors, which is quite impossible.

The Theatre was a contributory cause to the Great Civil War because of Henrietta Maria's devotion to it. When Cromwell came to power he shut it down completely. But it came back stronger than ever with the Restoration of Charles II, who gave it stability—which it has enjoyed ever since—by granting the Royal Charter to Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Indeed, at all times the Crown has always been its friend and its sure shield.

What has made the Theatre so tenacious of life? There are several reasons, and one of the chief is the undying loyalty and affection of the public to the Theatre. To-day, when it battles with talking pictures (and they dealt it a shrewd blow when they

Connie Ediss

Marchioness of Headfort

Jean Alwin

Were Gay!

Alexander Pope, was a leading man with Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Macqueen-Pope is still at Drury Lane. He has done every job there is to be done in a theatre except that of Call Boy. Nowadays he spends most of his time writing books, lecturing and broadcasting about the Theatre. Some of his best-known books are "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane"· "Carriages at Eleven"; "Twenty Shillings in the Pound"; "Ghosts and Greasepaint" and the most recently published is his life of Ivor Novello —"Ivor, the Story of an Achievement." Mr. Macqueen-Pope is a director of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, the oldest Theatrical Charity.

George Edwardes

By W. MACQUEEN-POPE

first appeared), the motor-car and all it means, dog-racing, dirt tracks, the radio and television—it draws bigger crowds then ever. And the basic reason for that is—Illusion.

Nothing else can take one out of one's self by transportation to another world. The real business of the Theatre is Escapism—the only "ism" which really matters to it. A visit to the Theatre is an emotional experience which even the most cynical and hardened feel to some degree. It is an "Evening Out"—you cannot just drop in as to the films—and then there is Expectation, too. You go there with anticipation.

Once inside, you are surrounded by people who are in an excited, expectant state. The music plays, the lights grow dim, the footlights touch the great drop curtain with gold—and then—the magical moment—that curtain sweeps up —and there is the World of Illusion before you. Nothing but the Theatre can give you that. . . .

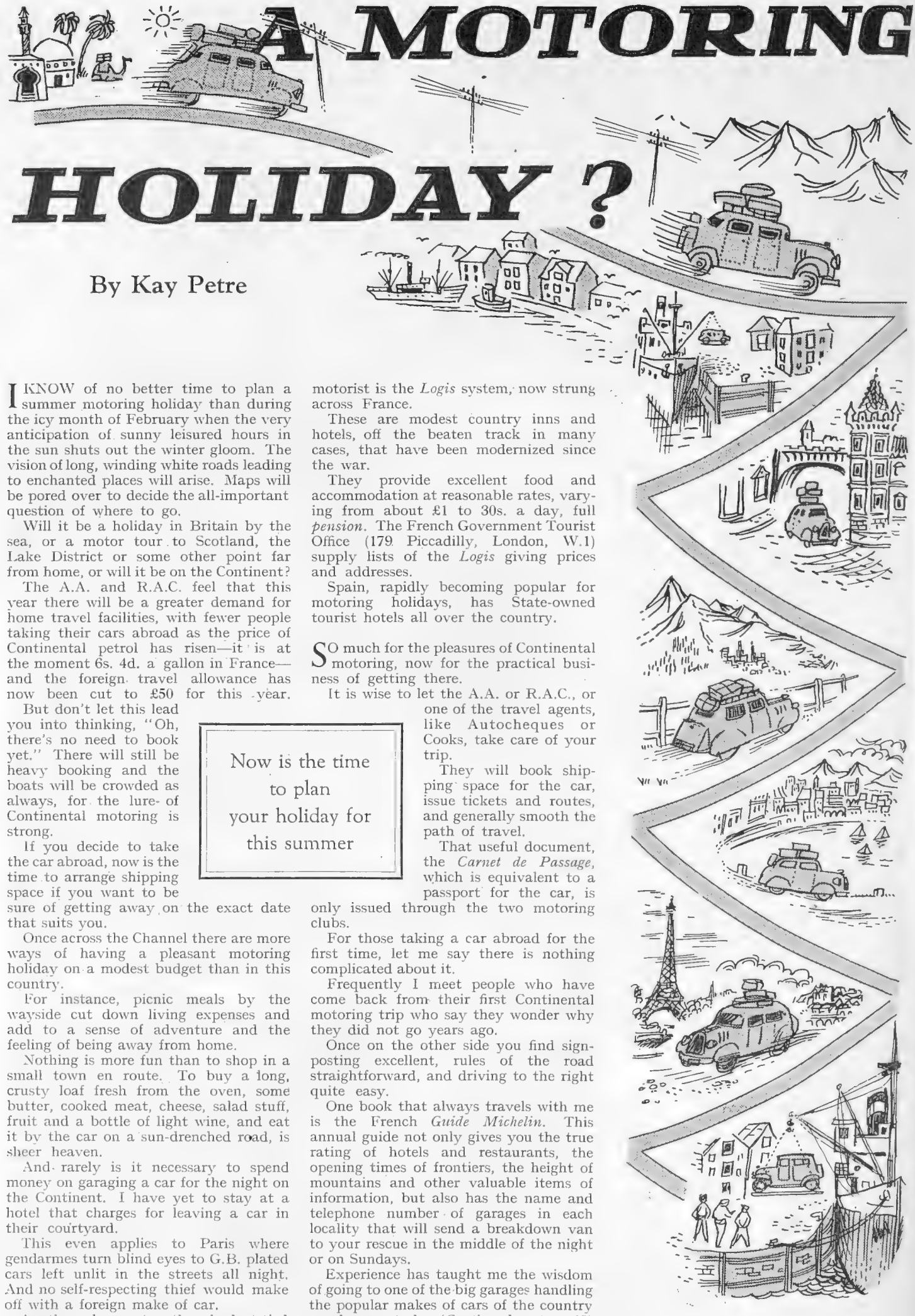
And what makes that World of Illusion? Chiefly the players—who are so often a greater magnet than the play. They are Flesh and Blood. They—especially the Stars—are what the people have come to see. No matter how tastes and fashions change—that goes on. The Theatre is always different but always basically the same.

LET us go back twenty, thirty, forty years and examine this curious place—the Theatre—the men and women who made it in the days when theatres had policies, sold branded goods and when the actor-manager flourished. Those were the days before footlights were abolished and when the stage folk were people apart—inhabitants of a Land of Illusion, people of allure and mystery.

And no stage door in the older days held such a fascination or attraction as that which led into that theatre which exercised a greater magnetism over the public—and caught the affection as no play- (*Continued on page 78*)

A MOTORING HOLIDAY?

By Kay Petre



I KNOW of no better time to plan a summer motoring holiday than during the icy month of February when the very anticipation of sunny leisured hours in the sun shuts out the winter gloom. The vision of long, winding white roads leading to enchanted places will arise. Maps will be pored over to decide the all-important question of where to go.

Will it be a holiday in Britain by the sea, or a motor tour to Scotland, the Lake District or some other point far from home, or will it be on the Continent?

The A.A. and R.A.C. feel that this year there will be a greater demand for home travel facilities, with fewer people taking their cars abroad as the price of Continental petrol has risen—it is at the moment 6s. 4d. a gallon in France—and the foreign travel allowance has now been cut to £50 for this year.

But don't let this lead you into thinking, "Oh, there's no need to book yet." There will still be heavy booking and the boats will be crowded as always, for the lure of Continental motoring is strong.

> Now is the time to plan your holiday for this summer

If you decide to take the car abroad, now is the time to arrange shipping space if you want to be sure of getting away on the exact date that suits you.

Once across the Channel there are more ways of having a pleasant motoring holiday on a modest budget than in this country.

For instance, picnic meals by the wayside cut down living expenses and add to a sense of adventure and the feeling of being away from home.

Nothing is more fun than to shop in a small town en route. To buy a long, crusty loaf fresh from the oven, some butter, cooked meat, cheese, salad stuff, fruit and a bottle of light wine, and eat it by the car on a sun-drenched road, is sheer heaven.

And rarely is it necessary to spend money on garaging a car for the night on the Continent. I have yet to stay at a hotel that charges for leaving a car in their courtyard.

This even applies to Paris where gendarmes turn blind eyes to G.B. plated cars left unlit in the streets all night. And no self-respecting thief would make off with a foreign make of car.

Another boon to the budget-tied motorist is the *Logis* system, now strung across France.

These are modest country inns and hotels, off the beaten track in many cases, that have been modernized since the war.

They provide excellent food and accommodation at reasonable rates, varying from about £1 to 30s. a day, full *pension*. The French Government Tourist Office (179 Piccadilly, London, W.1) supply lists of the *Logis* giving prices and addresses.

Spain, rapidly becoming popular for motoring holidays, has State-owned tourist hotels all over the country.

SO much for the pleasures of Continental motoring, now for the practical business of getting there.

It is wise to let the A.A. or R.A.C., or one of the travel agents, like Autocheques or Cooks, take care of your trip.

They will book shipping space for the car, issue tickets and routes, and generally smooth the path of travel.

That useful document, the *Carnet de Passage*, which is equivalent to a passport for the car, is only issued through the two motoring clubs.

For those taking a car abroad for the first time, let me say there is nothing complicated about it.

Frequently I meet people who have come back from their first Continental motoring trip who say they wonder why they did not go years ago.

Once on the other side you find signposting excellent, rules of the road straightforward, and driving to the right quite easy.

One book that always travels with me is the French *Guide Michelin*. This annual guide not only gives you the true rating of hotels and restaurants, the opening times of frontiers, the height of mountains and other valuable items of information, but also has the name and telephone number of garages in each locality that will send a breakdown van to your rescue in the middle of the night or on Sundays.

Experience has taught me the wisdom of going to one of the big garages handling the popular makes of cars of the country you happen to be (*Continued on page* 68)

Duel For A Lady

A Short Story By John Marsh

WHEN Telford finished speaking, the men, lying in their bunks, looked at each other with wondering eyes. So it was over! The rescue ship was coming to take them back to civilization.

Telford, face lined and harassed, leaned against the doorpost and said:

"The work will go on! No slacking off just because they're coming for us. You, Kendall, and you, Elliott! I still want those rock samples from Mount Wrath now the ice has gone."

"Oh, hang it all, skipper!" Jim Kendall protested, but Telford turned into the inner room without replying.

Instantly the long hut was in an uproar. Men who for weeks had said hardly four words in a whole day jumped from their bunks to do a jig or slap each other on the back. Their strained, bearded faces relaxed. They were like boys again.

For nearly two years they had been isolated from the world by pack ice. When first the survey vessel had left them deep in the Antarctic they had expected to be rescued the following year. But the short summer season had come and gone, and though great efforts had been made to reach them, they had been regretfully informed from Deception Island that they must wait another twelve months.

And now, when hope of rescue in the second year was waning, Telford had said that conditions had improved and that in a few days the *Snowbird* would break through the ice to take them off.

"WE'RE going to fight a duel, Jim! A duel for a lady! You will take your rifle and I will take mine. Then we'll fight it out"

Illustrations by Lance Cattermole

ONLY one man did not share in the general rejoicing. Frank Elliott stayed in his bunk. His burning gaze was fixed on Jim Kendall who, looking up, caught his eye.

"What's the matter, old sobersides!" he cried above the uproar. "Come and have a drink. Anyone would think, to look at you, that you didn't want to go home."

Elliott forced a grin. It would never do for Jim to guess at the hatred in his mind. Throwing the blankets back he jumped down.

"Tough luck we should have been picked for that last survey!" Jim Kendall grumbled a few minutes later as he, Elliott and the others gathered about the stove. "Can't see what Telford wants to be so darned conscientious about Mount Wrath and its beastly rock formation for!"

"The trouble with you is that you're too impatient to get back to that young woman of yours!" one of the men gibed. "She'll keep, my lad. They all do!"

Kendall grinned. "If you were engaged to her, Barney, you'd be as impatient as me. How do you think I've felt all this time stuck away in this blasted refrigerator when I ought to be at home——"

"Cuddling and cooing!" someone else laughed.

Elliott's brow darkened as the others jeered. Jim never seemed to care what people said about Beryl. By God! If he'd been engaged to her he'd have killed anyone who brought her into any questionable jokes.

He buried his face in the mug of celebration whisky that had been issued. Kendall wasn't good enough for Beryl. That was why it was his duty, when they went on this last survey together, to see he didn't return.

For a moment he shut his eyes. Once again he remembered how, on the first night after sailing from England, Kendall had told him that Beryl had promised to marry him. At the time, awful though the shock was, he had grasped Kendall's hand and congratulated him.

He wondered at himself now. Why, he had actually been glad for Kendall's sake. Yet, he told himself bitterly, he had been brought up in the public school tradition of grinning and bearing his own disappointments and set-backs and applauding the success of others. So he had shaken Kendall's hand and had promised, when they returned to England, to be best man at the wedding he had hoped would be his own. . . .

HE was not sure when he had begun to hate Jim Kendall. Certainly not until they had been marooned in this white hell for at least a year.

Often he wondered if he was going mad. People did go mad when they were banished from civilization for long periods, much of the time shut away in a hut with a hundred-mile-an-hour blizzard raging outside.

It was the brooding that had done it. And seeing Kendall's cheerful face around all the time had aggravated his misery. For Kendall was never low, never depressed. Yet why should he be, damn him!—when Beryl was awaiting his return?

It was only recently that he had decided to kill him. It had been one afternoon when he and Kendall were out alone together on the ice. Being the only geologists in the party they were often away together for days at a time. A push into a crevasse, a knock on the head during a blizzard. If he returned without Kendall everybody would believe his story of a tragic accident. . . .

But he hadn't done it. And several times, perspiring with terror, he had wakened in the middle of the night from a nightmare in which he had rid himself of Kendall in one of the ways that had occurred to him. At those times he had been aghast at himself. Murder Jim—murder his best friend. It was the last thing he would ever do!

Yet in the morning, thinking of Beryl, seeing Kendall's happiness, he had been once more possessed of the devil which would not let him alone, which whispered forever in his ear that once the expedition was relieved he would never again have such an opportunity of eliminating Jim and taking his place in Beryl's affections. . . .

As he sat there, while the men noisily celebrated their coming release, he searched the darkness in his mind telling himself that the last chance had come. . . .

* * *

Elliott trudged behind Jim Kendall as they returned to the little camp they had set up earlier at the foot of the scree.

Kendall was carrying the specimens which they had taken from the rock face two hours before.

Above them towered the conical summit of Mount Wrath with the perpendicular, unscalable cliffs—for most of the year ice-bound and resembling enormous mirrors in the sun—rising from the gently sloping, snow-covered scree.

He held his rifle at the trail. It would be so easy to bring it up to his shoulder and put a bullet through the unsuspecting Kendall. Even the disposal of his body need not worry him.

He could tip it into a crevasse, or bury it under the loose scree, and return to the camp to say that his friend had been killed by a seal, or even that he had fallen into a crevasse while crossing a snow bridge. The latter had happened before.

No one would set out to investigate his story. The rescue ship was coming and —well, men do not kill their best friends.

BUT he couldn't bring himself to shoot Jim down in cold blood, even though he did hate him.

No! even though Jim had stolen Beryl from him—his mind had twisted the facts into that shape now—he would give him his chance. For if Jim killed him that would be better than living and knowing Jim and Beryl were going to be married.

He was silent when they reached the little camp. (*Continued on page 75*)

They both loved the same woman. But there is something in man which transcends the love of women, especially when they are a thousand miles from civilization . . .

"I KNOW you hate me Frank, but do me a last good turn," Kendall's voice begged. "Shoot me! For God's sake shoot me!"

By Gordon Beckles

The Time-table of Fashion

Princess Elizabeth, already an ambassadress of fashion, is now beating the perennial time-table

PRINCESS ELIZABETH sets off on her tour of the southern lands with a collection of dresses that must be the envy of every woman from the Arctic to the Antipodes.

Which is just about the range of climate she will pass through on a journey that in some four months promises to take her from northern winter to summer, autumn, winter and back to northern summer.

To achieve this feat the Princess is having to jump far ahead of the orthodox time-table of high fashion—of which she has so suddenly become an ambassadress.

This was shown by the Canadian tour, when the eagerness to see what the Princess would be wearing next was reflected in hundreds of columns of speculation and then analysis.

The cables of some of the correspondents were most meticulous in descriptions of each new dress as it appeared, while back in London a Court official kept daily tally, and only when the dress was worn were details or sketches of the model allowed to be published.

The Princess had said, in effect, that she was the guest of Canada and that she must *not* let any new clothes be seen by anyone before they would be seen by her hosts.

So far have British fashions advanced in the importance of things! Not only in creative design but in the background of hard fact—that in the past few years the British dress industry has become the world's second largest.

The cables of some of the correspondents were most meticulous in descriptions of each new dress of Princess Elizabeth's as it appeared

This perennial time-table of fashion, which the Princess is now having to beat, is rather like a frame fitted on top of the hectic picture of glamour, showmanship, vanity, nonsense and femininity which goes to make up the world of dress.

To start on this particular time-table you must go back a few months.

LAST October, Norman Hartnell, the man who designs Princess Elizabeth's clothes, sat at a drawing board in his studio in Bruton Street (within a few paces, incidentally, of the now demolished house where the Princess was born).

His workrooms had just finished the wardrobe for the Canadian tour; now came the news of her Australian journey to follow.

Normally the big designers would just about then be merely playing with the ideas and trends for their new collections. Colleagues like Hardy Amies, Digby Morton, Mattli and Victor Stiebel would be thinking of what women would want to buy in the season just ahead.

But, by the time that the earliest of these models would be unveiled, Princess Elizabeth would be half-way to Australia!

The normal time-table runs like this: first the designs are made in the autumn.

Then in January the workrooms are busy making the various "numbers"—the eighty or perhaps a hundred evening dresses, suits and coats, the esoteric details of which are so seized upon by women, and to which are given fancy names like "Pretty Polly," "Burned Amber," "Little Hut" and "Enchanted Evening."

The manner in which these models are brought into being varies. Some designers, like Hartnell and Morton, turn out elaborate and artistic sketches. Some others will drape the materials, and allow the fitters just a rough idea of what they want.

SO we will now assume that it is getting to the end of January.

Crossing the world to Europe are buyers from the big shops and combines of the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, South America and other expensive clothing centres. (*Continued on page 72*)

With tea and champagne the showing is over

Mr. Norman Hartnell

Many perilous tasks beset Jason on his quest for the Golden Fleece

Jason and the Golden Fleece

Story by
ARNOLD WAREING.

IN the dawn of Greek mythology, when men were as gods and gods were as men, there was a king of Iolcos in Thessaly, Æson by name, who, weakened by age, gave up his throne to his son Jason, appointing a half-brother, Pelias, to rule as Regent during the boy's minority.

When the time came for Jason to claim his kingdom, Pelias craftily appeared to concur, but required him first to undertake a voyage to Colchis, in Asia, between the Euxine and the Caucasus, and reclaim from a sacred grove there the golden fleece of a sacrificial ram of great religious import, because on it Phryxus and Helle, the children of Athamus, a Bœotia governor, had escaped from their stepmother Ino's persecutions.

Since the grove was guarded by a dragon, Pelias hoped that Jason would

Was there also not a gathering of comely, flower-decked youths and maidens from the vales of Thessaly to wave them adieu.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

never return, and that in sending him on this quest he was sending him to certain death. His legendary adventures have become for us the symbol of all the trials and perils that must be braved in any quest for the ideal and nigh-unattainable, though for the ancient Greeks it was evidently associated with a form of sun-worship.

Only the blare of golden trumpets could voice the grandeur of the venture at its inception. At the foot of Mount Pelion Jason had built a vessel of fifty oars, the *Argo*, bigger, finer and better equipped than any that had so far sailed the seas. When it put off into favourable winds from the promontory of Magnesia it had aboard, with Jason, all the great heroes of antiquity—among them Hercules, Castor and Pollux, Admetus, Peleus, Meleager, Neleus, Theseus, Telamon, Nestor, Hylas, Orpheus. Was there not also a gathering of comely, flower-decked youths and maidens from the vales of Thessaly to wave them adieu and watch their ship fade over the horizon ?

Tiphys, the navigator, manned the rudder ; sharp-eyed Lynceus kept a constant look-out ; when dangers loomed up, Orpheus heartened them with song and music, and in the tempests led their prayers to the Samothracian gods that the storm abate and the angry waters be pacified.

When they reached the Ægean island of Lemnos they found that the women, incited by the goddess Aphrodite, had slain all their men but Thoas, the King, and chosen his daughter Hypsipyle as

Phineus advised them how to pass safely through by first releasing a dove and marking its flight between the rocks.

Jason stole to the sacred grove, lulled the dragon to sleep with the magic potion, and took the golden fleece from the oak bough.

their Queen. For two years the Argonauts dallied with the Lemnian beauties; some were so captivated by this isle of women that they settled for good and became the fathers of a new community.

Later, at Troas, on the Mysia coast, Hylas went ashore for water from a spring, and his beauty wakened such love in the Naiads that they drew him down and he was seen no more, while Hercules, who went in search of him, stayed so long that the ship had to sail without him, and Telamon, too, left them here. Thus, as in every quest, some were soon lost by the way.

All were endangered in the ordeals and adventures that now befell them. Putting in at the city of King Cyzicus, they were received hospitably, but on sailing again, were forced back at night by a storm and taken for enemies, and in the fight that followed Jason slew the King in error. In the country of the Bebryces, King Amybus challenged them and again they had to fight, Pollux overcoming the King in combat and the other Argonauts slaying many of his men.

At Salmydessus, in Thrace, they heard from Phineas, the blind King and soothsayer, of the dreaded Symplegades rocks which closed on passing vessels and crushed them. If the Argonauts would deliver him from the Harpies which afflicted him, he, in turn, would provide them with a guide and advise them how to pass safely through by first releasing

a dove and marking its flight between the rocks.

This was done. The rocks closed on the bird, trapping only the end of its tail, then moved apart again. Instantly the Argonauts, rowing with all their might while Orpheus urged them to supreme effort with his lyre, passed through before they could close in again. Thus the voyagers learned that knowledge, as well as courage, was necessary to their quest, as to any great venture.

Another test awaited them at the island of Aretias, where they encountered the Stymphalides, giant birds which could shoot off their feathers like arrows; and the Argonauts only saved themselves by clashing their weapons violently together, to drive them off. Other ordeals came their way; they lost their helmsman, Tiphys, who had to be replaced, but pressed on to the Colchis shore, landing by night at the mouth of the River Phasis.

Here King Æetes, who knew of their mission and feared their power, adopted tactics as wily in their way as those of Pelias. He did not refuse to yield up the golden fleece, on which his very existence depended, but gave Jason three tasks which he hoped would defeat and destroy him.

He had to yoke to a ploughshare of adamant two fiery bulls with brazen hoofs and plough with them four acres of virgin land sacred to Ares. Next, he had to sow in the furrows some of the dragon's teeth the King possessed, and fight and kill the armed warriors who would at once spring from them. Finally, he had to fight and slay the monstrous dragon which guarded the fleece. And all three labours he had to perform in a single day.

How could even the godly Jason hope to accomplish such tasks unaided? Even in those ancient times all the world loved a love-story, as it does to-day; so this classic myth had to have its touch of romance. It was the love of a woman that came to his aid. Inspired by the deities Hera and Athena, who meant to save Jason at all costs, the King's daughter, Medea, fell ardently in love with the handsome young hero, who had not only the beauty and valour of a mortal but of a god too.

Would he promise to take her home with him as his bride? Then she would give him a magic unguent to anoint himself with, a death-dealing stone to throw among the menacing heroes sprung from the dragon's teeth, herbs and a potion to drug the formidable dragon and put him to sleep. All this she could do because Hera and Athena had instructed her in magic. But, after all, did not the magic of love itself (*Continued on page 79*)

They had to run the gauntlet of Scylla and Charybdis, where Orpheus sang loudly to drown the voices of the sirens.

Knights of the Desert

A stirring first-hand account of
the Touareg of the Sahara Desert

MANY people still think of the Mohammedan woman as a veiled creature, living the life of a recluse, whose husband is chosen for her, and who spends her married life in a harem. This picture may still apply in certain parts of the world, although, in fact, the Prophet himself entertained no such restrictive ideas about the position of woman in society, and amongst the Berbers of North Africa such a state of servitude has never existed.

The Berbers are not Arab people. Although their origin is obscure, it is known that they came to the shores of North Africa at a very early age and have remained there ever since, successfully avoiding assimilation by the Carthaginians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Vandals and Normans who successively invaded these coasts, but they never achieved sufficient cohesion to repulse altogether the attacks of the invaders. They were always independent in character, and even when they were converted to Christianity during the Roman occupation, they adopted the Donatist heresy rather than (*Continued on page* 66)

By Michael Ross

SHE took no notice but went on playing with her compact with jerky, nervous gestures

The Colonel's Lady

Bandits make a thrilling attack on an army camp in Ismailia

A Short Story

by

Dudley Hoys

AT the time they all said: "What on earth made him get married?" A good many added: "And to that girl, too!"

Certainly, it was surprising. Friends of David Mason had taken it for granted that he would remain a bachelor. A curious touch of austerity marked him, an aloof efficiency. Very old members of the regimental association said he reminded them of Kitchener. Not that there was much physical similarity, excepting the hard blue eyes. Mason was of medium height, slender, almost graceful, with a thin face and high cheek-bones. But he had about him the air of quiet command and concentration that put them in mind of the great K. of K. And like Kitchener, he had met with early promotion. It was no small honour to be made a substantive lieut.-colonel at thirty-four, even in these semi-peacetime days. Within six months of taking over the 1st Broadshires, he had brought about a snap, a standard of training that stood out a mile.

"He lives for his job," they said, "and nothing else."

They were wrong. Quite suddenly he married Linda Singleford, ten years his junior, as lovely and exotic as a type out of some expensive fashion book. She cared for clothes and ease and luxury. She rode not, nor did she play tennis. She would drink one gin and lime at a party, and no more. She gave the impression of having no interest when the talk was of regimental shop, and that was frequent. She had the shapely, inscrutable features of a princess of the Pharaohs, and that, some wives argued among themselves, was her sole asset. They ticketed her as a glittering, fastidious ornament.

"Things can't last," they told one another. "You see."

The test would come when the battalion was posted abroad. Even Hurst, second-in-command and most loyal to his C.O., felt that the whole affair was a great pity. He listened uncomfortably while Mrs. Second-in-Command and the senior captain's wife discussed the topic for the hundredth time.

"I mean," said the captain's wife, "they simply haven't got anything in common."

"Nothing whatever," said Mrs. Hurst.

"It's like—it's like a sleek cat being married to a hunting dog—with no disrespect."

"She's very pretty," said the major.

His wife swung round on him. "Can you imagine David Mason falling for mere prettiness?" she demanded. "Can you?"

"No, I can't, really."

"Well, then?"

They were back at the beginning again, and Mrs. Second-in-Command shook a disapproving head. She was an athletic, rather plain, decent sort, who could smack a tennis ball with immense vigour, and tackle a leaky cistern or a broken-down car. She believed in wives being assets to their husbands.

The captain's wife said: "I wonder how he met her in the first place?"

"Oh, that's easy. When he was young, his parents were abroad almost all the while. He used to spend his holidays with the Singlefords. Old S. was a friend of his father. He more or less grew up with the Singleford children."

"Yes, but ten years——" murmured the captain's wife.

"I expect it started when David was about fourteen and Linda was four. You know, a boyish joke, promising the tiny girl he'd marry her. She's kept him to it, and he was too quixotic to turn her down."

Hurst said: "I say, that's hardly fair."

"I admit it doesn't sound very nice. But it's reasonable."

"Well, my dear, you'd better keep your ideas to yourself."

"Trust me for that. I'd hate to get into David's bad books. He scares me. But I admire and respect him. Mark my words, she'll either leave him, or spoil his career. Why couldn't she have picked on some wealthy stockbroker dripping with diamonds and worldly comforts?"

The captain's wife smiled significantly. "Wait till we're posted abroad."

They had a mere (*Continued on page 69*)

Suddenly they were startled by a shriek
from a nearby house and the appearance
of "a young and very beautiful woman
dressed in white and obviously terrified"

Wilkie Collins

And The Woman In White

Until Recently Victorian Author Wilkie Collins Escaped The Pen, But Now His Life Story Is Revealed In A Biography by Kenneth Robinson

By Guy Livingston

TWENTIETH-CENTURY interest in the Victorians has been such that few Victorian celebrities, great or small, have in the last fifty years escaped the pen of the biographers. But until the other day there was one omission, one highly intriguing literary figure whose story remained untold. For some mysterious reason nobody had written the life of Wilkie Collins.

Was this because Collins has been unfairly overshadowed by his more famous friend and contemporary, Dickens, and has therefore seemed not worth writing about? Or was it because as a bachelor he had no young Collins to compile, in pious Victorian fashion, a three-decker official memoir immediately after his death and so put on record a mass of information since lost or destroyed? Both these theories have been suggested, but neither seems quite good enough to explain the neglect.

Now, however, belated justice has been done to this zestful thriller writer whose *The Woman in White*, *The Moonstone* and other novels have captivated generations of readers. William Wilkie Collins has been rescued from near-oblivion and brought to life in an admirable and entertaining book, *Wilkie Collins: a Biography* (The Bodley Head. 18s.). But

(*Continued on page 71*)

Portrait Of A Woman

Illustrations
By Tony Weare

A Short Story
By Jonathan Warrell

THE woman, her face as pale as the linen sheets, breathed heavily. The two nurses at her bedside watched attentively as occasional signs of stress flickered across her drawn features. Every few minutes, a young doctor returned from his other patients to ask for news. Each time he looked at the woman his face saddened, for she was beautiful and he knew that she was going to die.

Seated on a chair at the foot of the bed was a young man. He had not shaved for two days; his clear face was shadowed by lack of sleep; his thick, black hair was constantly disturbed by his nervous fingers. Each time the doctor approached the young man looked at him in despair.

It was, he thought, impossible that the doctor, with the immense powers of medicine behind him, should allow his wife to die.

Suddenly one of the nurses started and glanced apprehensively at the young man. The other hurried to the doctor at the end of the long ward.

IT was not until a sheet had been drawn over the pale face that Angelo realized his wife was dead. When he did so a deep breath escaped from his mouth and his head sank forward. The shadows on his face became almost scars, his back that of an old man.

"Give him something to drink, Nurse," said the doctor. He and Angelo had known each other in their student days.

Angelo drank the hot coffee, lifting the cup with a shaking hand. When he rose to go, the two nurses noticed the silent tears coursing through the stubble on his chin. As the ward door closed after Angelo, the elder of the nurses picked up the house phone and asked for the mortuary.

Somehow, by instinct rather than intention, Angelo reached the door of his studio, turned the Yale lock, and stumbled up the dark stairs. He had managed, since leaving the hospital, to hold back the tears which were forcing their way to his eyes. Once inside the door they ran freely down his agonized face, unchecked and unheeded.

Entering the door at the top of the stairs, Angelo came face to face with the portrait. It stood against the far wall, almost alive, a beautiful woman in evening dress. There were deep and sombre reds in the dress, shadows that lurked

ENTERING the door at the top of the stairs, Angelo came face to face with the portrait. It stood against the far wall, almost alive, a beautiful woman in an evening dress

The Future Of A Young Artist Is Made Overnight By The Fantastic Price Paid For One Portrait

subtly in the folds of rich material, highlights dancing on the sheen of the light net which delicately framed the ivory throat. Blacker, deeper than the shadows, were the eyes and hair of the woman; the eyes sparkling and mischievous, the hair lustrous, thickly clustered in wide natural curls. Those two colours, red and black, dominated the portrait, throwing each other into relief, sombre, gay, advancing from the canvas or fading into immeasurable distance. So life-like was the portrait that Angelo moved as if to speak to it, realizing only at the last moment that it was a thing of paint and canvas. It was a portrait of his dead wife.

Angelo had finished the painting only a month before, forced by some irresistible impulse to give up the work in hand and paint a portrait of his wife. It had been almost as though he had forseen the tragedy to come. Into its creation had gone all his love for his wife, and out of the painting had come her love for him.

Yet the woman did not dominate the painting. The face and the cool bare arms were hers, but the dress, a sweeping creation of scarlet beauty, such a dress as a woman would sell her soul to possess, had been created by Angelo's brush.

THE days and weeks that followed the death of his wife were a constant torture to Angelo. Sunlight reminded him of her absence, while night brought memories and phantoms with its unwelcome darkness. To look at the portrait became his only solace, for, inside the curved frame, stood the part of his wife that still lived. Every now and then an interplay of light and shadow gave life to the figure, curving the red lips in a smile, or allowing the slender fingers to beckon Angelo as they had done in the past.

Months went by, and Angelo remained idle. Every time he picked up his brushes and dragged his easel toward the light of the huge window his eyes strayed to the portrait, and he could not work.

Then, one day in early autumn, Angelo realized that he was seriously short of money, and would have to do some work in order to live. While the portrait hung in his studio he could not work—so it must be sold. He took it down from the wall quickly, while his mind was still resolute, kissed the face of the dead woman, covered her with a pall of white cloth, and carried her to the shop of Jacob Kreisler, an elderly art dealer.

A week later the painting came up for sale at a famous auctioneers. The large brown saleroom was filled with people, art dealers, connoisseurs, models, dilettantes, artists—including Angelo—and three old men, who were employed to guard the treasures being sold.

Angelo sat at the back of the room, as far as possible from the rostrum. He took no notice of the auctioneer or the buyers, as painting after painting changed ownership. Then the auctioneer called the number of the portrait, and two hundred variegated faces stared at the woman who had been his wife. The auctioneer, browned by the Swiss sun, asked for an initial bid of fifty pounds. That means, thought Angelo, that he thinks it worth only twenty-five. He began to wish that he had not offered the portrait for sale, and then remembered that, since it had left the studio, he had been able to start work again.

ANGELO was startled from his thoughts by the auctioneer recording a bid of seventy-five pounds. He looked up for a few moments and discovered that several buyers were bidding for his painting. In three minutes the bidding had reached four hundred pounds, and there were still three buyers left in. One of them, a short, dapper man with a foreign accent, dropped out at this price. The remaining two, a large, florid Englishman, and a debonair Frenchman, raised the price to six hundred and fifty pounds. The Englishman turned away with a grunt, and the Frenchman became the owner of the portrait.

Angelo was astonished! The price was beyond his wildest hopes. A wrinkled, brown hand rested on his arm and brought him back to reality. One of the elderly men whispered in his ear.

"Mister Kreisler would like to see you in the office, sir." Angelo followed the

ANGELO painted the autumn out in the parks and boulevards and beside the river, taking the best advantage of a sultry Indian summer

DRESS after dress received shake after shake of Angelo's head. Nothing, it appeared, could satisfy him

old man towards the rear of the auction room. Jacob Kreisler met him excitedly at the door of the office. Jacob had been the great friend of Angelo's father, and had acted as Angelo's friend, guardian, and confidante, since the boy had become an orphan.

"My dear boy," expostulated Jacob, "what a wonderful price, and what a wonderful chance for you if you have any more paintings at your studio. Now that interest has been aroused in your work—you must have noticed the dealers discussing you after the strenuous bidding—all that you wish to sell will be eagerly bought. Return as quickly as possible with all that you can find. I will announce their inclusion under the spare numbers at the end of the sale."

Angelo murmured his thanks and hurried off to his studio. The thirteen paintings he brought back with him did not make the price of the portrait, but, after he had paid off the auctioneer, he discovered that the day's sale had left him with almost three thousand pounds.

When the sale room was empty, Jacob invited a dazed Angelo into his office for some coffee. Once they were seated Jacob turned to Angelo.

"What are you going to do now my son?" he asked tenderly.

"I shall go to Paris to paint as I have always wished to paint," replied Angelo. "For the first time in my life I can afford that luxury."

The two men, the white head and the black, talked for long hours of Angelo's visit to Paris. Then Angelo began to talk of his wife's portrait, and of his surprise that anyone should pay such a price for it. He told the older man how glad he was that it had been considered worthy of such a price; that he was sure that it would hang upon the wall of some great house, displaying the beauty of his beloved to all who chose to look. So engrossed was he in his subject, that he did not notice the frown which gradually creased the elder man's features.

When Angelo ceased to talk, he suddenly realized that he did not know the name of the man who had bought the portrait. He leaned towards Jacob.

"Who was the buyer?" he asked.

Jacob started to speak, checked for a moment, and started again. "It is better, when an artist sells his masterpiece, that he should not know the name of the man who buys it," he said tersely, and put an abrupt end to the conversation by turning out the lights, and ushering Angelo out of the room.

IN Paris, the days passed delightfully by. Angelo painted the autumn out in the parks and boulevards, and beside the river, taking the best advantage of a sultry Indian summer. When the winter came he rented a small studio, and hired a number of models to pose for him.

In the evening Angelo wandered through the streets, the beautiful thrown into relief by the cool, crisp air, the ugly softened or hidden by the intermittent snowfalls. Occasionally he would hear his wife's voice in the wind and hurry home to work on an unfinished painting.

One afternoon, the first warmth of spring filling the air, Angelo realized that there was something wrong with his painting. Formerly the subtle curve of rich cloth had been the basis of his portraits. As in that of his wife, the cloth had always dominated the canvas, stealing the attraction from the figures themselves, allowing the face only secondary importance. Now, however, Angelo could no longer put life into the cloth; it became merely an (*Continued on page 77*)

(*Above*). George Bickham's "Bird's-Eye View Map" of North Wales (1749-54). (*Top*). A County Fair. A page heading from the descriptive section of Bickham's *The British Monarchy*

Map Novelties

THERE are dozens of map novelties on the market to-day—from the "escape" maps printed on silk like those used during the war by the R.A.F., and some which extol "the achievements of the English countryside against the background of War," to the thunderstorm maps produced by the British Thunderstorm Survey which show which parts of Britain are most afflicted by thunderstorms. You can also buy maps showing what England was like in monastic times, or even during the Roman Occupation.

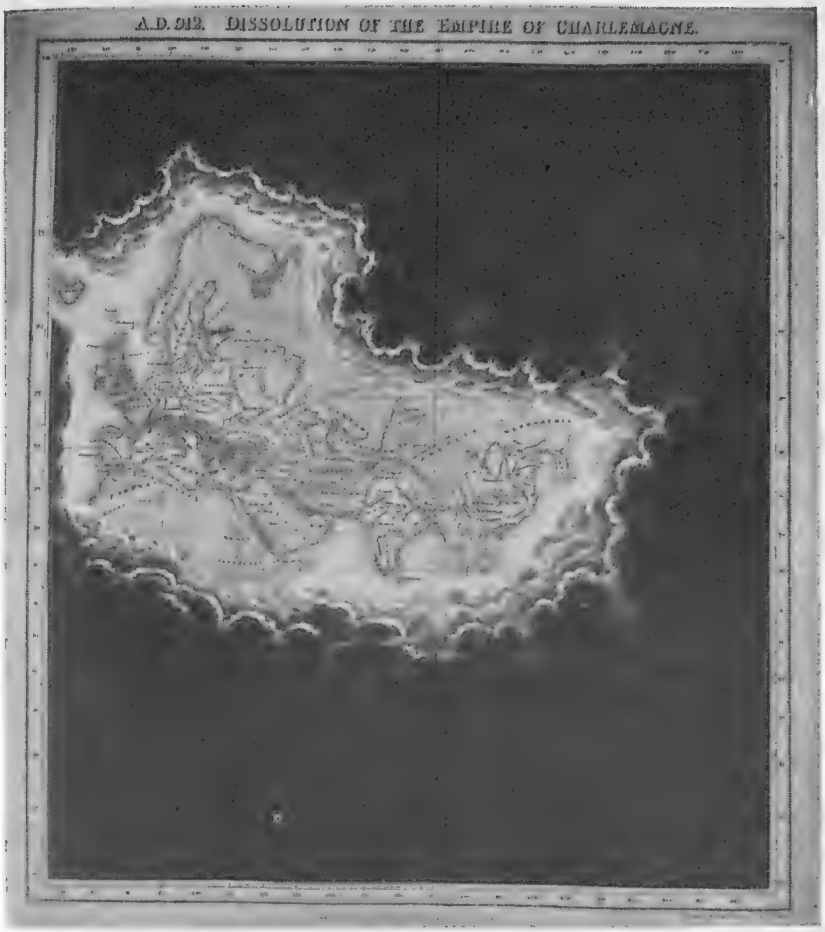
Most of the modern map novelties embody a serious purpose. Considerable research and scholarship go to their making. It was not always so. Despite Christopher Saxton and John Speed, who set English cartography on its feet, the novelty map enjoyed a certain vogue from the sixteenth century onwards. Here and there, the fantastic outlook of medieval map-makers persisted; also their naïve methods.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY edition of Ptolemy includes a map of the British Isles in which Scotland is shown at *right angles* to England. The draughtsman responsible was not inebriated; then as now there was a paper shortage in the country and Scotland was tipped over on its side to save space!

A copy of this "economical" atlas is included in the vast collection of old maps compiled during the last thirty years or so by Dr. Harold Whitaker, of Lightcliffe, near Halifax. Dr. Whitaker is an outstanding authority on old English maps, and his collection contains innumerable oddities, some of which are not represented at all in the great national libraries. To look over some of these oddities is to share the delight which they must have given to our forebears.

The English vein of humour comes out in every map with which Michael Drayton illustrated his *Poly-Olbion*

By G. Bernard Wood



Map Novelties Have Enjoyed A Great Vogue Since The Sixteenth Century

(1622). You turn to Yorkshire, for example, and find the county dominated by buxom lassies in a variety of attitudes; some stand at the different river sources and feed the rivers by pouring water from ewers; some sit among reeds to indicate marshland; several balance great churches on their heads, and one holding an axe impersonates the gibbet long known as the Sharp Maiden of Halifax.

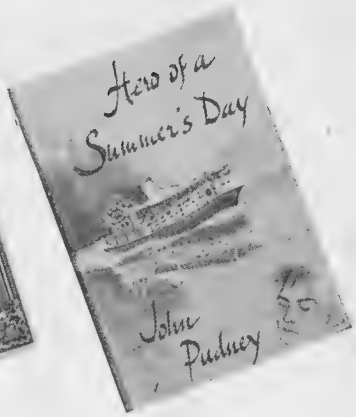
Or, turning to South Wales, you are greeted by a vast concourse of bards and minstrels who line both banks of the Severn—a veritable musical festival that lures from the waters Neptune and his consort riding on sea-monsters, and a siren-like creature who, with bird on head, performs a balancing feat on Lundy Island.

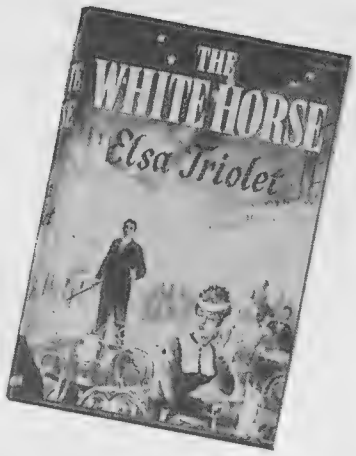
WITH his *Poly-Olbion* Drayton gave England a good, resounding laugh before she was to be plunged into the long struggle with Charles I and the horror of Civil War. . . .

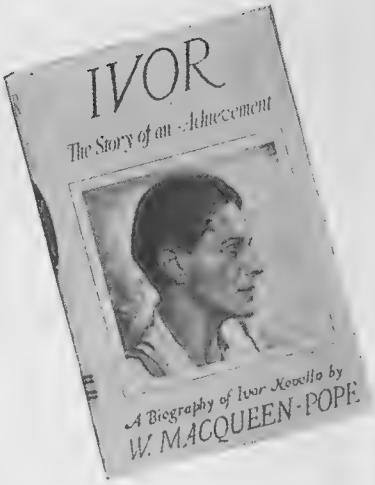
The gaiety of the Restoration period is represented in Dr. Whitaker's collection by two sets of playing-card maps, both published in 1676. Robert Morden who produced the first and better set exploited the growing interest in travel by providing each card with a county map; the full pack therefore embraced the fifty-two counties of England and Wales.

And charming little maps they are, though geographical details are necessarily few. The king and queen of the court cards are Charles II and his consort, Catherine of Braganza, while the knaves run the gamut of contemporary menfolk of rank. One of Morden's (*Continued on page 67*)

(*Above*). One of Edward Quin's "Dawn Breaking" maps, from his *Historical Atlas of the World* (1830). (*Top right*). An appetizing page from Depping's *L'Angleterre* (1828). (*Right*). Another of Depping's maps from *L'Angleterre*







Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

IRVING THE "LYCEOSAURUS"

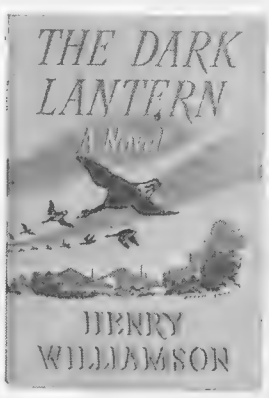
AFTER the triumphant first-night of *The Bells* Irving and his wife Florence went to a champagne supper party with friends eager to celebrate his success. Florence, in a querulous mood, held aloof. In the brougham, on their way home, he laid his hand on her arm, saying: "Well, my dear, we too shall soon have our own carriage and pair!" Tired, angry, jealous of the adulation he had received, she retorted: "Are you going on making a fool of yourself like this all your life?" He stopped the brougham crossing Hyde Park Corner, left her to continue alone, never returned to his home again.

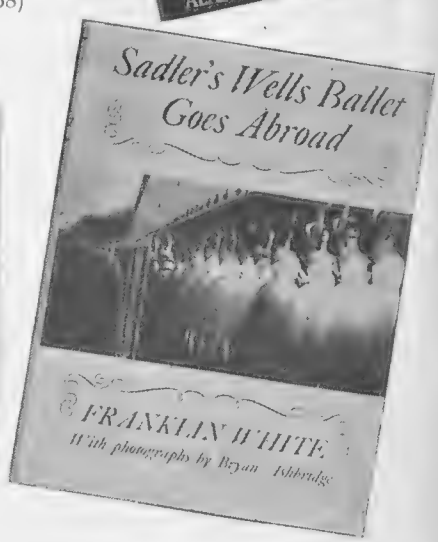
In that summary action he revealed the essential man. He had an integral conception of self which he would allow no one, nothing, to shatter. Always he was Irving, on the stage or off. Dedicated to his art, he would brook no compromise, no intrusion. "Irving's triumph," his grandson, Laurence Irving, writes in **"Henry Irving"** (Faber, 50s.), "was to have awakened in a society as drab and material as our own a desire to be elevated by entertainment and, having created such an appetite in playgoers of two continents, to have satisfied it for more than thirty years."

OUR generation may count itself lucky to have had an artist of the theatre like Ivor Novello and a biographer like W. Macqueen-Pope to perpetuate him. The story of the Welsh rate-collector's son who made his first mark with "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and earned £35,000 from his shows in 1943–44 is worth every one of the 530 pages of the lavishly illustrated "Ivor" (W. H. Allen, 22s. 6d.), which his countless admirers will read absorbingly and treasure. A poignant chapter concerns his wartime imprisonment for a technical petrol offence, during which a vision of his mother appeared in his cell and spoke to him. Mr. Macqueen-Pope doesn't record the fact, but I know that Ivor told Ruby Miller, an old friend, that she used an endearment known only to them both, that this "visit" saved him from utter despair, and the rest of the sentence no longer mattered. It inspired him later to hold experimental séances at his Aldwych flat; at one I was present, though I did not take part. He adored the friendship of beautiful women, and in his plays sublimated the romance and love he could not give them; which perhaps explains the emotional unrest in a human, generous, lovable nature.

LORD MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA had a prodigious task in India. As last Viceroy he had to wind up the British Raj and negotiate Dominion status and partition; as Governor-General he had to help consolidate the new set-up in face of conflicting interests and the tragic shifting of whole populations. Alan Campbell-Johnson, Press Attaché on his staff, records the inside story of those momentous 145 days in a detailed diary, "Mission with Mountbatten" (Hale, 25s.)—which shows history in the making and gives vivid close-ups of the Indian and Pakistani leaders.

A SENSATION of 1840 was the conviction of Marie Lafarge for murdering her husband by poisoning after only a few months of marriage and stealing a diamond necklace of her friend the Vicomtesse de Léautaud. In "The Mystery of Marie Lafarge" (Clerke & Cockeran, 15s.) Edith Saunders presents her as a woman of exquisite sensibility, with a pre-occupation with the good and beautiful in her letters, who protested her innocence on both counts to the last. Only after reading the murder-trial evidence for the third or fourth time was Miss Saunders (*Continued on page 68*)





Vintage Vessels

When the wine is of aristocratic vintage the vessel should do honour to its task; equally when the contents are of more humble stock then the appeal to the palate must be reinforced by the appeal to the eye of a beautiful cup

The sparkling gold of champagne is best seen through the sharp translucence of clear glass delicately moulded. The champagne glass half seen on the *left* is from a matched suite. The price six and sixpence. *Oetzman.*

For the apéritif, clear Swedish glass depending again upon shapeliness for character. A short-stemmed design well suited to drinking away from the table when a firm-standing vessel is an advantage. Price four shillings. *Harrods.*

A handsomely proportioned goblet in the tradition of cut crystal, an imposing design (*left, below*) decorated with the traditional leaf and vine. Claret size, fifteen and sixpence. *Oetzman.*

White-stemmed glasses encircled with ruby bands. Goblets eight and sixpence, wine seven and elevenpence. Next to it claret and sherry sizes etched and gold-rimmed, six and sixpence and five and threepence each. *Druce.*

Grace in clear blown glass with a "barley sugar" stem. An aristocratic vessel for aesthetic tastes. Fifteen and sixpence. *Oetzman.*

Top, right, a crystal hock, slender and refined, keeps company with a heavy cut sherry glass of traditional dignity. Fifteen and sixpence and twenty-five shillings. *Oetzman.*

Save Yourself

An Easy Life Is Just A Matter Of Helping Yourself, Say The Motion-Study Experts

MOTION study and work methods are now so widely accepted in industrial circles that one wonders why the principles have not been much sooner applied in home and everyday activities. Indeed, not until this year have the scientific brains got busy and called a conference to discuss applying energy-saving in civil life and in women's work in office and home.

Saving energy is the main preoccupation of this body of scientists, called ergonomists, who seek to prove that practically everything we do uses more energy than it need.

For instance, if the kitchen-sink is too low, the spine is bent and the head lowered at an angle which is not only fatiguing but actually harmful to the health. Sitting on chairs of correct height is considered very important. Most chairs are designed for men, and experts believe that the old-fashioned rocker meets the needs of a body-fitting rest for the female figure. Women have shorter legs from the knee down than men and the correct chair-height should be half-an-inch shorter than the leg measurements from the inside knee to the ground. It should be possible to sit back without forcing the weight on to the soft tissues of the thigh, which is a sensitive part of the anatomy upon which undue pressure produces nervous strain.

IT has been proved that sewing and any close work cause less fatigue if held near the body, and the setting out of sewing materials can be very important. Consider how many wasted movements are expended on awkwardly placed things—the telephone is a good example of the manoeuvring which goes on when it is necessary to find a pencil and paper for note-taking.

Even knitting can be fatiguing and motion-study experts advise using what used to be called "the German method," that is, slipping the wool over the forefinger of the left hand and looping the stitches off instead of making separate movements to pass the wool across the needle for every separate stitch.

People with ample figures have a special need to be clever about energy-saving. A doctor pointed out to a buxom patient the penalty of stooping to pick a pin off the carpet. By this simple-seeming movement she was giving her spine the task of lifting sixteen stone back again to normal posture. Is it worth it for a pin?

Although sitting-down tasks should be performed close to the body, such chores as bed-making, bath-washing, dusting and sweeping are much less tiring if long sweeping and rhythmical movements are used. Both hands should be used whenever possible, and experts are very keen on more work being given to the feet.

"It is because we are accustomed to using our hands for everything that we forget how much foot-control could help," they say. And, indeed, many modern machines are foot-controlled.

Much research is going on to find ways and means of foot-pedal labour-saving devices in the household and such nuisances as door-knobs which don't turn in the expected direction, cookers which have dials difficult to read, and wash-basins which are too low or too high, are being adjusted. All these things tend to offset fatigue and conserve nervous energy.

A PROMINENT motion-study expert shows women how to iron a nightdress in four actions instead of the usual thirty or so movements. Another fatigue-saver reckons that she can economize many minutes a day by placing her make-up in methodical positions on the dressing-table. This way saves juggling with the jars; cotton wool is easily pulled out and the mirror is in the right light and at the right height. The same enthusiast advocates carrying parcels in both arms instead of bundling a heavy handbag under the same arm with which she is carrying parcels and umbrella. If you have to carry coal upstairs she begs you to make several trips with a little at a time in two buckets so that you can carry one in each hand.

When carrying a heavy shopping-bag or suitcase lean slightly to the opposite side of the weight to help to balance and avoid strain.

Mental strain is as fatiguing as physical effort, and for that reason work should be made as easily understood as possible. Making a dress by a very complicated pattern is fatiguing, so don't choose one that is beyond your skill.

One report says that many women won't even try to save energy; but take a martyr-like pride in being "worn-out" by the day's exertion.

Keeping to a rigid routine is asking for fatigue; if it is inconvenient to have the washing done on Monday, switch it to Tuesday. If dinner an hour later on Sundays gives a little more rest to the housewife, why not do it? Pull things down if they are inconvenient instead of putting up with them because they have always been that way. Is the umbrella stand an awkward shape? Are the hooks in the hall so high that you have to strain on tiptoes to hang up your mac? Is the plate rack in the kitchen just where it catches your husband's head when he helps dry up? Is the soapdish on the bath a bad shape and hard to clean? Such things waste incalculable quantities of energy throughout the years.

All the work objects we use were made to serve a useful purpose, and if the user has to fit herself to the object instead of vice versa, then something is wrong.

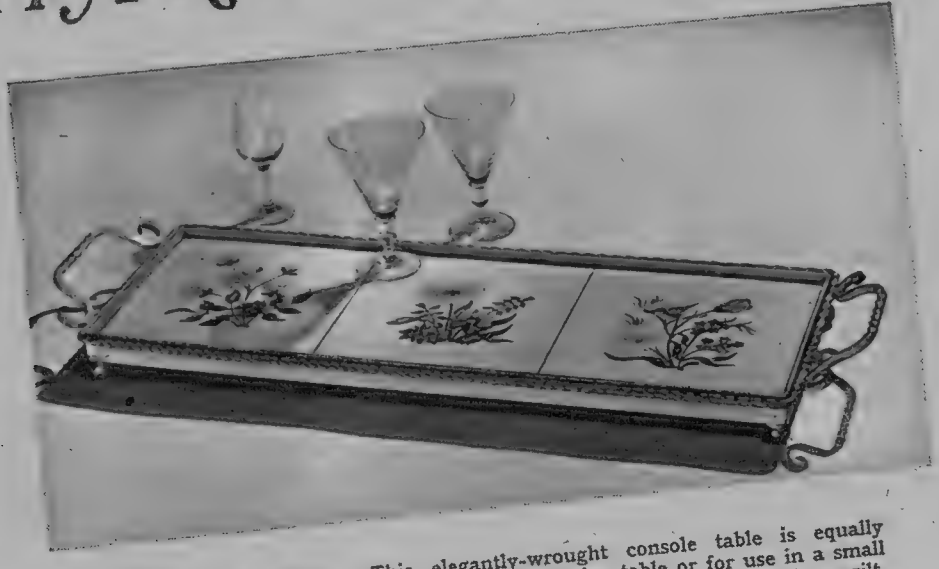
Muriel Segal

Ironware is happily at home in a modern décor as well as in the country homes to which it was once generally supposed to belong. White lattice flower-pot holders make a charming setting for plants.

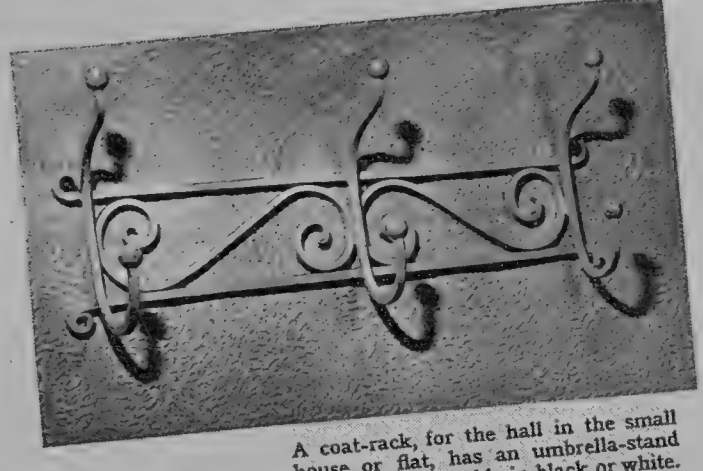
White tiles, flower-painted in delicate colours, are used in the white iron coffee-table above and the tray below.

HARD AS IRON

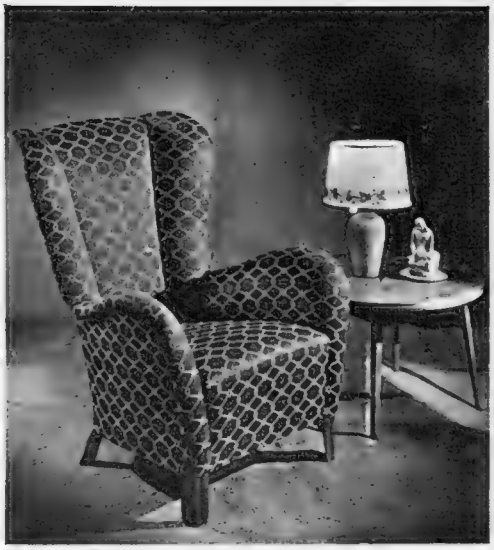
But Pretty As Paint



This elegantly-wrought console table is equally suitable for the dressing-table or for use in a small hall. In several finishes, including antique gilt, off-white and off-white brushed with gilt.



A coat-rack, for the hall in the small house or flat, has an umbrella-stand to match. Available in black or white.



An easy chair covered in damask has an aluminium frame to allow flexibility of the " wings " for added comfort. (Heals.)

A chair with the comfort rightly expected in the English home. But without the pretentiousness often confused with this quality. (H.K. Furniture, Ltd.)

Michael Sheridan asks if the public is getting furniture

GOOD ENOUGH TO LIVE WITH

IF you had been furnishing a home in, say, the eighteenth century, you would almost certainly have called in a " little man " who not only designed furniture, but made it himself and sold it to you direct. You would have told him exactly what you wanted. And woe betide him if it wasn't what you expected when it was finished. There would have been no compunction about sending it back for alteration.

What happens to-day ? You go along to a more or less impersonal shop and you choose your " home " from furniture made for an anonymous customer—that is *you*—by a manufacturer whose very name is probably unknown to you. And how often is the result " not what I really wanted but the nearest I could find " ?

Since most of us furnish only twice in a lifetime, once on marriage and again in middle life, the " nearest " is not near enough. For we have to live with our mistakes—or the manufacturer's mistakes—for a long time. And, ensconced as they now are behind the buffer state of the retail shop, do manufacturers any longer know what we do want ?

Do we really want the over-ornate, machine-carved sideboards with outsize bulbous legs, the fluted-backed tasselled chairs and the gadgety pieces with patently obvious " secret " drawers that make up the stock of so many furniture shops ?

If the " average " manufacturer would only shadow the " average " woman round any furniture shop, I believe he 'd get a shock to find that, time and time again, it was at the comparatively simple pieces that she paused for a second look. And if the ordinary retail salesman were paid sixpence for every time he 's asked for " something plainer," he 'd soon be a rich man.

So it 's obvious there 's something wrong somewhere. The manufacturer declares that he is ruled by the taste of the retailer. The retail buyer counters by asserting that his figures were all right last year, thank you, so he must be stocking what the public wants. Passed to you, in fact. And we—the public—grumble a little under our breath and go on buying the " nearest I could find."

The trouble is that we scarcely know ourselves what we want. How can we ? We don't buy furniture every week or month, like groceries or clothes. So the average person becomes as a babe in arms when he steps over the threshold of a furniture shop.

But until we do make up our minds what we want—and why—the trade can excuse its worst monstrosities on the ground that we get the furniture we deserve. Only really *looking* at all kinds of furniture, critically, comparing and assessing what it offers in terms of our own needs can compensate for our inevitable lack of buying experience. Fortunately, the Furniture Trade Exhibition now running in

The manufacturer of this dining-room furniture has recognised that few people can now afford to buy a houseful of furniture at one time. So, basic components are added from time to time without disrupting the unity of the scheme. (Story and Co.)

London gives us a unique opportunity to do just that. For it provides under one roof a completely comprehensive selection of furniture of every type as even the largest store cannot do.

SURELY all we demand of our furniture is that it should be suited to our way of life? For good furniture must always be the direct outcome of the social conditions of the people using it. But never have social conditions changed so rapidly as during the past decade or two. Many manufacturers haven't yet caught up with them, which is partly why, so often, we can't find what we really want in the shops.

Shortage of space; the virtual abolition of "staff"; economic pressure which frequently means that both married partners work outside the home: these are some of the key factors of life for many people to-day. The emancipation of women, too, with its rebellion against the tyranny of the kitchen sink and all that it stands for, has gradually revolutionised our ideas of a satisfactory home.

ALL these factors must be reflected in our furniture if it is to satisfy us. Shortage of space, for example, means not only obviously dual-purpose pieces and rooms. It means—or, rather, it should mean—refinements of design like sliding doors and recessed handles and light timbers that create a sense of space.

And the woman who runs a home single-handed needs furniture she can move easily herself. Indeed, economy of both space and production costs, too, demands chairs that are comfortable without being bulky. Yet still we are offered "modern" upholstery with ugly, space-consuming arms and backs that contribute nothing to comfort. And, too often, we accept them.

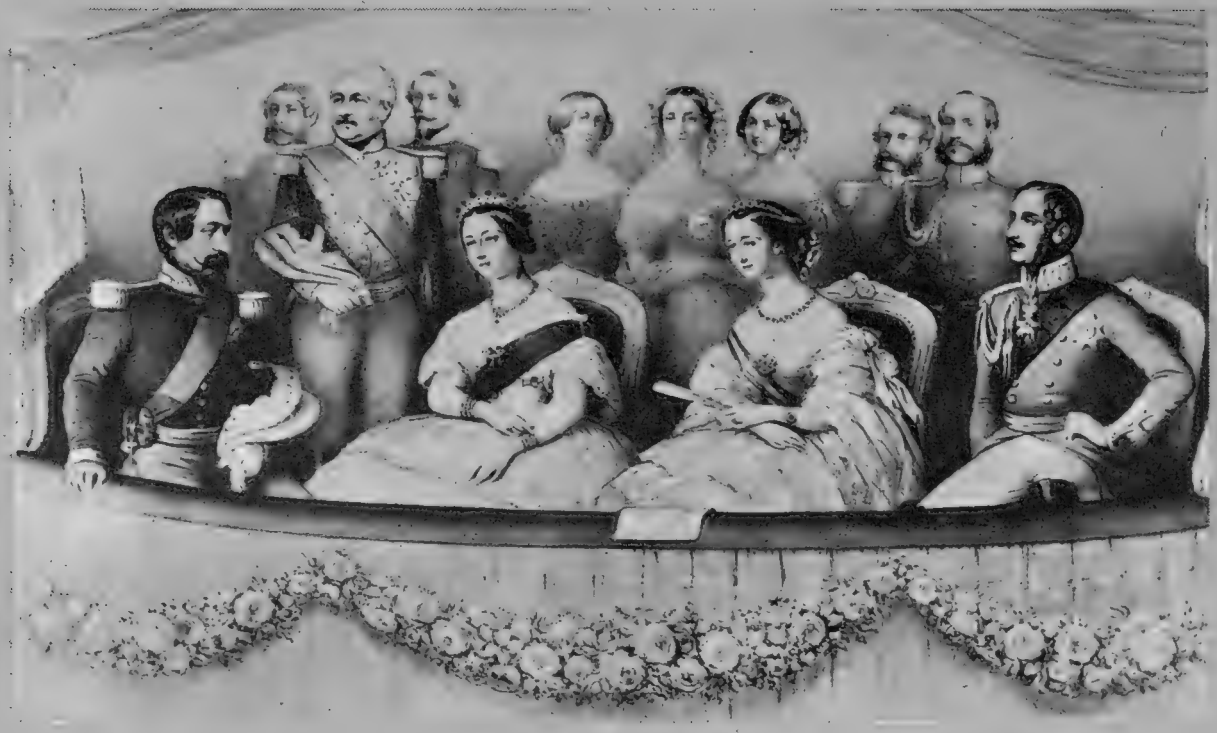
It is no longer an excuse to say that we have never had a chance to see anything different. For the Government-sponsored Council of Industrial Design, through nation-wide exhibitions, has provided the shop window the trade failed to provide. And more and more manufacturers and retailers, encouraged by the success of their more daring rivals, are making and showing contemporary furniture that is often practical and is usually elegant.

But does this alternative to the flamboyance and vulgarity of what is mis-called "traditional" furniture (*Continued on page 79*)

The passion for "old things" is innate and can still be indulged in, though we may prefer our basic furniture to be practical and contemporary. (Settee by H.K. Furniture, Ltd. Standard lamp by Primavera.)

The writing table at the extreme left in waxed mahogany has a three-drawer unit in ash. The drawer unit slides to the left or right of the table as convenience requires. (Heals.)

When it is faithfully reproduced the exquisite designing of the eighteenth century still triumphantly holds its own. The dining-room suite, left, was made by Hamptons.



The Queens' Ladies.

By LORNA LEWIS

THE life of a Court Lady-in-Waiting is very different to-day than it was in earlier times. Now, there are unconventional photographs of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, dressed in country tweeds with scarf round head, accompanied by one Lady-in-Waiting similarly attired. Now, the Queen visits an exhibition or a hospital with the minimum of fuss or ceremony with just a " Lady " in attendance. What would Princess Elizabeth's great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, have said about it a hundred years ago ?

Going back 200 years, descriptions by the novelist Fanny Burney and other contemporary writers, of the etiquette, crushing restrictions, boredom, jealousy, intrigues, monotonies and exhaustions of the Court of George III. and Queen Charlotte make one's heart ache for those unfortunates who had the honours of the office of " Lady " more or less thrust upon them.

Even under Queen Victoria's regime the hours of standing at drawn-out Court ceremonies, the pangs of hunger endured through delays of " precedence," the strain of perpetual stylish dressing and tight corsetting, to mention a few discomforts, must have been a sore trial to any but the toughest of " Ladies."

Ceremonial now, though necessarily exacting, is less overpowering and better-conditioned ; everyday Palace life is more democratic, easier, friendlier. Queens and Princesses look happy, seem interested. unlike a writer's view of the Court in about 1750 : " Many people smiling and nobody pleased ; many disappointments and little success ; little grandeur and less happiness." The Royal circle is also a home circle. Ladies-in-Waiting—the *élite* of the Queen's Household—can live their own lives as well as serve their Queen. The present-day " Women of the Bedchamber," to use their antique title, take turns to live in the Palace for two weeks on and six weeks off, when they are free to follow their own special interests or occupations. The Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland, for example, is chairman of a London hospital ; while Miss Jennifer Bevan, during her office as sole Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Margaret, lived at home, since it was thought her hours of duty may be overlong.

IN older days the " Queen's Household " consisted of the Mistress of the Robes (always a Duchess), who appeared with the Queen on State occasions and was the senior Lady of the Household ; eight Ladies of the Bedchamber (all of them peeresses), who attended the Queen throughout the year for a period of about three weeks at a time, going about with her officially as well as privately ; eight Women of the Bedchamber (usually the daughters of peers), who attended only Court functions, helped the Queen with her correspondence, performed other smaller duties and, as they lived in the Palace during their term of service, were at hand if needed ; and eight Maids of Honour, Court attendants on the Queen in a lesser capacity than the " Ladies."

Into quite another category came the " Staff," among them the Keeper of the

The State visit of Napoleon II. and the Empress Eugenie to the Royal Opera in 1855 (left) called for physical fortitude on the part of Queen Victoria's attendants. In a later period Queen Alexandra is seen (above) accompanied by her Ladies-in-Waiting dressed in the elaborate and beautiful mode of the day.

At the Coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth a precedent was set when the Queen's attendants wore dresses of gold tissue instead of their peeresses' robes. The Queen's Ladies stood in a semi-circle round Her Majesty during the act of crowning by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Robes and the Assistant Keeper, hardly more than a dresser; the latter comparatively humble office made for ever famous by the fact that Fanny Burney occupied it in the most trying circumstances to one of her talent and temperament.

Queen Mary began a reduction in the actual number of the Royal Household by doing away with the office of Maid of Honour. Queen Elizabeth has carried this further, and now the Queen's Household, apart from the Mistress of the Robes, consists of four Ladies-in-Waiting (formerly Ladies of the Bedchamber), with four extra Ladies (in reserve); and four Women of the Bedchamber (also referred to as "Ladies-in-Waiting") who now attend the Queen outside as well as inside the Palace. These are non-political appointments: there was a terrible scene in the early days of Queen Victoria when the Ladies changed with the Government and the young Queen suddenly found herself about to be bereft of all her friends, the Whig Ladies, and faced with a new set of strange Tory wives.

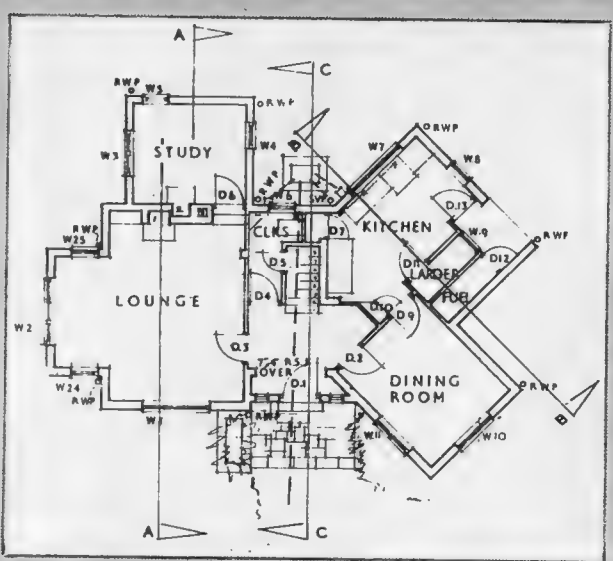
PRINCIPAL duties of the "Ladies" are to be with the Queen on ceremonial occasions; biggest day is Coronation Day. At the crowning of our King George and Queen Elizabeth, instead of wearing peeresses' robes, they were dressed in gold tissue, which with their glittering tiaras added to an already splendid scene and almost rivalled the heights of magnificence reached at the coronation of the ill-fated Tsar Nicholas II. of Russia, whose Empress's innumerable Ladies wore different, brilliantly-coloured dresses according to their status.

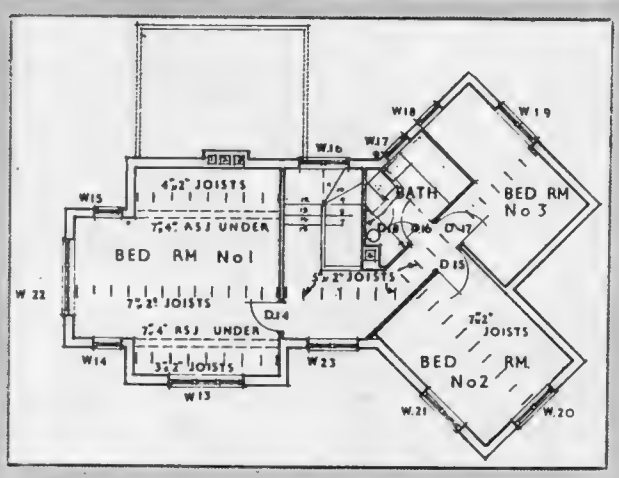
The "Women of the Bedchamber" of to-day, in addition to personally attending and travelling about with the Queen, have the vast task of coping with the Queen's correspondence. Queen Mary's letters, even the most impersonal, had all to be answered by hand, so the "Lady" had to have good handwriting; to-day, the Ladies can dictate to the Palace typists, writing only a few themselves. They handle non-personal letters, discuss with and act on the Queen's instructions about others; Queen Elizabeth herself deals with some of her letters through her own private secretary. A Lady-in-Waiting also receives visitors, telephones for the Queen, shops with her, answers enquiries from those uncertain of Court etiquette, acts as a go-between for those hoping to secure Royal patronage or attendance at charitable events, and so on. Her smart clothes must be an offset to Royalty, she must travel well, talk well, and be undeterred by any emergency from a spilt teacup to a serious accident (though one Lady in the days of Queen Victoria's early married life disgraced herself by doing more screaming than helping when the Prince Consort fell through the ice when skating).

Although the requirements of Royalties are all in some way different, basically the duties of the "Ladies" are alike. They are the Royal Ladies' discreet and self-effacing right-hand women, and their rôle is, in its own way, equally one of public service.

An informal study of Princess Elizabeth at the races attended by a Lady-in-Waiting, who carries the field-glasses, makes a pointed contrast with an earlier and more formal period. On the left, Princess Margaret is seen on her visit to Paris with Miss Jennifer Bevan in attendance, and again, on the right, accompanied by her first Lady-in-Waiting at a service in St. Paul's.

Licence To Build





By Rona Randall

EVERYONE said we couldn't do it. "You can only build a rabbit-hutch these days," they declared, "and we can't imagine *you* in a rabbit-hutch!"

Nor could I.

But it was the ideal spot in which to live, with delightful views on all sides and a wealth of trees. I think, looking back, it was the trees that did it. To own just one, and the earth spanned by its roots, would be to own a kingdom—and here there were many kingdoms. Sycamore and fir and tall Scots pine; holly and beech; spruce and birch—not to mention one magnificent crimson chestnut which we christened Solomon, because, when first we saw it, it was arrayed in glory.

And so, because no house stood there, we decided to build one. Despite discouragement, restrictions, shortages and permits, not to mention the dampening comments of friends and acquaintances, we saw no reason why we should not build our ideal home even in this day and age. And once the first gigantic hurdle was overcome—that of obtaining a building licence—there was no holding us back.

And our wants were not easily satisfied. Four square walls with a roof stuck on top was not, to us, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The exterior must be as pleasing as the interior. Every window must command a lovely view. Although modern, it must be mellow—which meant that doors, windows and other fittings must be reminiscent of a more gracious period. No flush doors with lavatory-pan handles; no oblong windows like vacant, staring eyes; no hard angularity anywhere.

That was only the basis of our desires. Beyond that we wanted a house wherein the eating and cooking arrangements were conveniently housed in a self-contained wing; leisure and pleasure in another. It had to be a friendly house, with one spacious room for entertaining and (an absolute necessity for me after twelve years of scribbling on the dining-table and hastily clearing for a meal!) a den in which to write.

Another important consideration was the site itself. The background of the picture had to be studied and a house

designed to blend with it—nothing garishly modern, nothing artificially rustic. We decided, therefore, upon a white house with green shutters, set off by thatch-brown tiles.

Our desire for a "winged" house with perfect views from every window produced attractive angles which, in turn, produced a hipped roof on the south side and a cat-slide roof on the north—both emphasising the country-house effect.

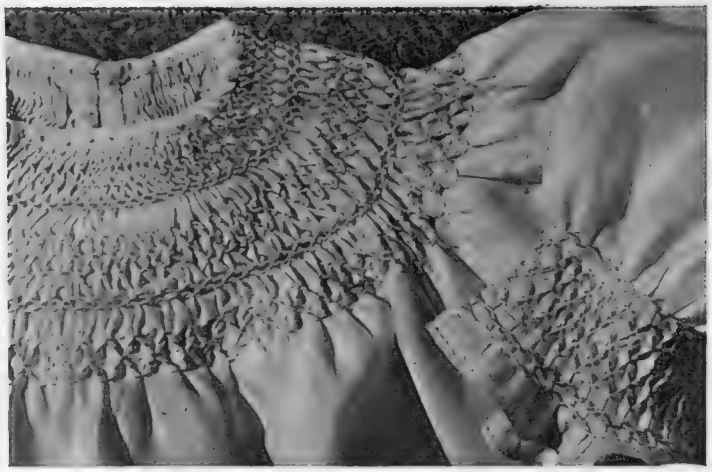
Finally, being a housewife, I desired a light, easily-worked kitchen with direct access to the dining-room, thereby saving time, labour and aching feet. I wanted polished floors and few carpets throughout the house, which meant good quality floor surfaces. And, of course, central heating.

Everyone sat back and laughed: "You 'll never do it at the price! Especially with a roof like that—it will take all your timber licence."

But it didn't. There was enough left over for the floors of bedrooms two and three, plus the bathroom. The landing and main bedroom, which measured 16 by 17 ft., consisted of oak strip flooring from a demolished country mansion which my husband, with typical industry, took up and re-laid himself. When sanded and polished these floors equalled the wood-block floors (unrationed) laid throughout the ground floor, and were far more easily polished, being well seasoned during the 100 years of their lifetime.

We found just the doors we wanted, ridiculously cheap, in the same old country mansion, including a semi-circular arched door, 3 ins. thick, with a frame 5 ins. thick. This, also, my husband dismantled and removed, elevating it from a cellar to our front entrance. Wall sconces and other electric fittings were purchased for a song (*Continued on page* 73)

Writing novels has not diminished Rona Randall's enthusiasm as a housewife. These pictures and plans show details of the house, the growth of which she here describes. The electrical fitting on the right, above, was adapted from a pair of old piano candlesticks bought for half-a-crown.



By Luba Stone

SMOCKING

OF all the traditional English needlecrafts, few need so little skill to give such useful and decorative effects as smocking.

The first step, which must be carefully and accurately done if the finished work as to be satisfactory, is to work rows of evenly spaced running stitches to the required depth.

On fine fabrics, dots can be made on the back of the cloth about $\frac{1}{4}$- to $\frac{3}{8}$-in. apart, on heavier fabrics about $\frac{1}{2}$-in. apart. It is possible to buy transfers printed with dots, but they must be ironed off perfectly straight. The foundation stitches are worked on the back of the material and it is essential to use a long enough thread.

When enough rows have been completed, the material is drawn up into folds until the right width is attained, then tied firmly in pairs. The front of the material now shows a series of even gathers ready for smocking.

The stitches themselves are simple and few in number, though they can be built up into an endless variety of patterns by methods of grouping. Most smocking patterns are worked from left to right on the right side of the material, using the foundation stitches as a guide to keep the work straight. A knot is used at the end of the thread in smocking.

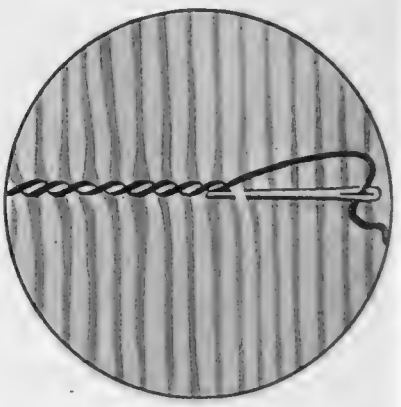
Rope pattern or outline stitch is stem stitch over each gather. Bring the thread out through the centre of one gather. Insert the needle slightly higher in the centre of the next gather but one on the right, angling it so that it emerges at a lower level. Keep the thread above the needle, and insert in a downward slant for a right twist. Keep the needle above the thread and slant upwards for a left slant.

In basket or cable pattern, the stitches are horizontal and worked alternately above and below. Bring the thread out through the centre of one gather. Insert the needle in the next gather but one and take a tiny stitch. Another stitch is made with the needle emerging slightly above and to the left. These two stitches are repeated alternately.

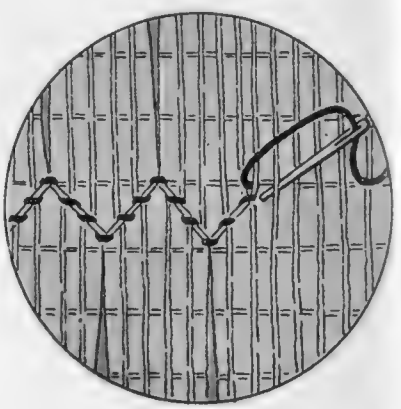
CHEVRON PATTERN consists of horizontal stitches as in CABLE PATTERN grouped in ascending sequence, followed by a corresponding downward sequence. A second line of stitching can be worked first downward and then upward to form a series of diamonds. Keep the thread above the needle when ascending and below when descending.

HONEYCOMBING. The thread is brought out through the centre of one gather. Insert the needle on the same level in the centre of the next tube to the right, so that it emerges immediately below the beginning of the previous stitch; draw the stitch tight. The second stitch is made in the same way. At the third stitch the needle emerges further down the second gather and the process is repeated on the second and third gathers. The needle returns to the upper level to stitch together the third and fourth gathers. Continue in this way, first above and then below.

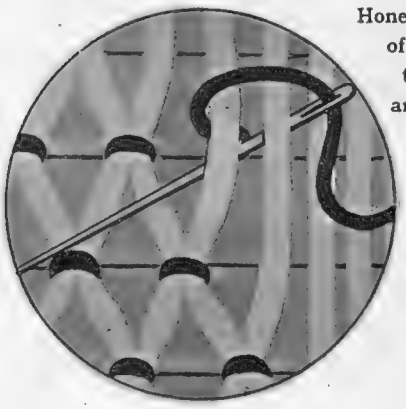
Smocking should be lightly pressed with a hot iron through a damp cloth on the *back* of the work. Remove the gathering threads before making up the garment.



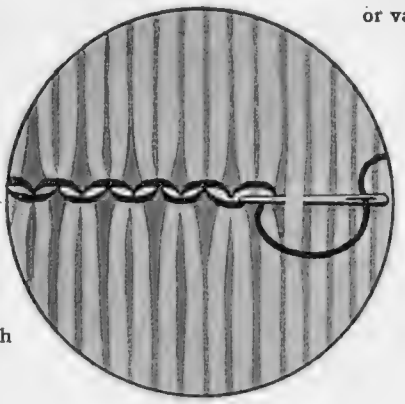
In smocking, the work should be started with two rows of stitching to keep it in place. Rope pattern or outline stitch shown above is frequently used for this.



Chevron pattern above is an outline stitch worked in points or vandykes. The panel of smocking photographed at the top right shows an effective use of this pattern.



Honeycombing, left, is the best-known of all smocking stitches. The dress, top left, has been worked in an attractive combination of honeycomb and cable stitch. This design could be adapted for blouses, nightdresses or children's dresses.



Cable stitch can be used as an alternative to rope pattern for beginning a piece of work. Both examples above used this stitch in combination with others.

FACTS and FEEDS

By Barbara Sim

THE problem which faces the mother who is for one reason or another unable to feed her child, is one which has been present with the human race for many generations. In past times it was recognized practice to provide the baby with a wet nurse, but there is also evidence that considerable attempts at artificial feeding have been tried throughout the centuries.

The discovery of various feeding vessels ascribed to the Roman era shows that as early as A.D. 100 mothers were using bottles of terra-cotta, clay and even glass, some very similar to the modern version. A thirteenth-century illuminated manuscript shows a woman feeding an infant by means of a cow's horn.

The earliest recorded use of dried milk was in 1295 when Marco Polo reported that the Tartar army of Genghis Khan carried dried milk as part of their ration. They used to pour liquid milk on to hot stones and keep the powdered milk so obtained in pouches attached to their horses. This enabled them to travel great distances without revictualling.

Next we hear of milk in any but liquid form was in 1810, when the French scientist Nicholas Appert produced milk in tablet form by concentrating it slowly to a dough-like consistency in a current of dry air. Grimwade in England took out the first patent for manufacture on a commercial scale in 1855.

In the early nineteenth century, according to one authority, "seven in every ten children brought up by hand" died. Little wonder that good physicians continued to impress upon mothers that nothing could safely replace breast milk for infants. However, the problem of providing a substitute food for the baby remained, and the common fable that any evil qualities of the wet nurse would be conveyed to a child through milk may have helped to speed the search for one.

IN the early part of this century the powdering of milk became more scientific. By now the milk could be kept for some time, even during the hottest weather, and it was easy to prepare and less liable to contain bacteria than liquid milk.

A test to discover whether the value of dried milk equalled that of raw milk for children was made at the Princess Beatrice Centre and the Augusta Johnson Social Centre. Sixty children of between four and ten years were divided into three groups and for four months were given :

An ordinary home diet without supplementary milk.

1 pint of pasteurized milk daily.

1 pint of reconstituted roller-dried milk daily.

Those given extra milk showed unquestionably superior results. The weights of the second two groups were approximately the same, but the heights of the group receiving dried milk showed a marked increase over those having whole milk. The average gain in height of those having whole milk was .25 ins.; whilst the group on dried milk gained 1.20 ins.

This experiment appears to show that the dietetic value of the dried product is at least as great as that of raw liquid milk.

The campaign of Sir Truby King who came to England from New Zealand did much to promote breast feeding again. He claimed that ninety-five per cent of mothers, if properly advised, could breast feed; but when this was impossible, he prepared a formula for modifying cow's milk to "humanize" it for infants. This was done by the addition of sugar, fat and cod-liver oil in varying proportions.

However, modern research has established that raw cow's milk forms a dense, tough curd in the stomach which many infants cannot digest. In the complicated modern processes of drying milk the constituents—especially the protein—is broken down and makes the milk lighter and more easily digestible. Many people still proclaim the excellence of raw cow's milk and protest against the interference with it in its "natural state" by heating or processing; but the balance of scientific evidence weighs heavily against such views.

The spread of education and the constant guidance available to all from books, pamphlets and welfare clinics, make dried milk safe for the whole population.

Mothers who cannot breast feed their babies need no longer suffer the fear that oppressed mothers of previous generations.

"The Motherhood Book" (price one shilling, published by Cow and Gate) has recently gone into its seventh edition since its initial appearance in 1920. Expectant and nursing mothers will welcome the revised edition of this practical and authoritative little manual—a ready reference guide to motherhood problems from early pregnancy, through breast and bottle feeding, to minor ailments

These six preparations are of particular interest to the woman in her thirties as they are designed to meet some of her special needs. If you would like to have more details about them, or have any beauty problems, please write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

A new foundation, to be available within the next week or two, solves the problem of make-up for weary skins. It is a liquid cream powder base, so perfectly balanced that it is suitable for either oily or dry complexions. It is non-drying, yet will not clog; it gives good coverage without being too heavy; and lends a touch of warmth and transparency to pale or sallow skins.

Astringents are an essential item in the beauty kit of the over thirties, for toning and refining relaxed skins and bracing the contours. A special astringent is useful for treating crepy throats, a condition usually due at this age to sluggish circulation. The astringent, applied with a special patter, followed by massage with a throat cream, will restore youthful smoothness to neck and throat.

Hormone creams are not necessary for the woman in her early thirties, but later they will help to ward off threatened lines and wrinkles and the general deterioration of the skin. As the forties approach, the natural supply of estrogen gradually diminishes so that the skin begins to dry and the first wrinkles appear.

The purpose of a hormone cream is to give a localized supply of estrogen which helps to keep the skin supple. A new hormone cream has now arrived which costs only 12s. 6d. for a five weeks' course.

Every skin must be nourished to prevent the early appearance of lines and wrinkles. There is a rich vitamin cream, specially beneficial to the thin, dry complexion and for the areas round nose and mouth where lines, as the result of dryness, are apt to develop. Applied with a special cream patter, it can form a toning as well as a nourishing treatment.

The oily skin requires a light skin balm to nourish without clogging and to correct surface dryness without aggravating the basic condition of the skin.

Confident Thirties

Beauty by Chrysis

THE best years of a woman's youth should be between the ages of thirty and forty. The troublesome teens are far behind, and middle-age dread still far ahead. Time has added poise and elegance without detracting from youthful vitality. The woman in her thirties knows her good points and experience has made her adept in enhancing them.

On this assessment, the woman in her thirties should have no beauty problems at all. But this, unfortunately, is true only in theory. Signs of premature ageing are all too common amongst women who can, in fact, expect to prolong their youthfulness for years to come.

In almost all cases, these troubles can be traced back to neglect, usually on the plea that "there isn't time" for beauty treatments. True, the thirties are the busiest years of our lives. It is then that the business woman reaches an important stage in her career, and the mother finds the responsibilities of her growing family most pressing. But in spite of all, it is not true to say there isn't time, for time can always be found for essentials, and preserving youthful vitality and looks is essential.

It is possible to work hard and keep young, as hundreds of women in public life demonstrate every day. Youthfulness of mind and body is rooted in physical fitness. Once the reserves of health and energy drop, the years begin to tell.

REST is important for the replenishment of vital forces. A long and busy day must be balanced with adequate rest and recreation, the one as important as the other. When to rest is as important as how much. A short relaxation after meals is probably more beneficial than an extra hour in bed in the morning. Snatched meals lead to nervous indigestion, the scourge of the thirties and the harbinger of premature old age.

As far as diet is concerned, it is probably a case of using your head to save your face. One evening's study of a book on dietetics can revolutionize the diet of a lifetime with salutary effects on health and looks. No one expects a busy person to finick with food fads, but armed with a few facts about food, eating wisely can be easily organized.

If there is no time or no need for the daily dozen there is one form of exercise that every woman approaching forty should take seriously, and that is deep breathing. Treat breathing as a serious beauty treatment, an exercise which can be done almost any time, anywhere. Deep breathing is a beauty tonic in itself. It fills the lungs with clean air, recharges the circulation and tones the muscles of stomach, chest and throat.

GOOD health is the only foundation on which a beauty routine can be based, with confidence of success. A sound cleanse-tone-nourish routine will preserve the normal, healthy skin from the ravages of time. Deep cleansing will keep the complexion clear and free from blemishes. Toning will keep the tissues firm. Nourishing will keep the skin soft and free from wrinkles.

Special complexion problems will need special aids to supplement the basic beauty routine. Over-dry skins, oily skins, sallow and coarse-textured skins can all be coaxed back to normal with special preparations; throats and hands can be safeguarded with specific beauty aids. Some of the best of these are mentioned on this page. There are few beauty troubles that are not catered for somewhere, somehow. This is where the regular visit to a beauty salon can be so valuable to women in their thirties. The beauty expert can diagnose the cause of the complexion trouble and prescribe for it, before it becomes a major problem.

The daily beauty routine need not be a lengthy affair if preparations are kept to a minimum. A few preparations correctly applied are of more value than a cupboardful indifferently used. The rule for the over thirties is to apply all creams, cleansers, etc. with an upward movement to counteract the natural downward sag of the muscles. Cleansing should be done with light, upward movements of the tissue from throat to brow. Massage should start from the base of the throat and work upwards to the hairline,

Those who cannot go to a beauty salon periodically for a facial treatment should give themselves an occasional facial at home as the next best thing. A bracing masque has a salutary effect on skins subject to sallowness, coarse pores and blemishes. Excellent for any age, it is an especially good stimulating treatment for the woman in her thirties whose skin is beginning to lose a little of its youthful freshness, but who does not yet need the preparations for the really mature skin. It is equally good in the treatment of face and throat.

A woman is as old as her hands. A clear, youthful complexion is frequently belied by worn, tired-looking hands. For hard-working hands . . . and whose are not these days? . . . prevention is better than cure. Barrier creams should be used regularly before tackling those chores which are most hard on the hands. Softness and whiteness of the skin can be preserved by massaging with hand cream afterwards. A lanolin-based cream is most beneficial for hands subject to wear and tear as it restores the natural oils to parched skin.

A suit or a wool dress
is the keystone of a
good wardrobe when . . .

Spring Comes

(*Left to right above.*) Frederick Starke's grey, lightweight worsted suit, narrow skirt and waist, buttoned to the neck with a fringed stole. Worn with Otto Lucas's blonde straw, which has an upstart wing at the back. A two-piece button-through dress and jacket in grey and mimosa tweed. The loose jacket is lined with grey wool jersey. *Spectator.* Otto Lucas's grey felt has black quills. Middy suit by Matita in navy dupion has a white piqué sailor collar and a burgundy cummerbund. Madge Chard's white sailor

In

Soft, featherlight grey and white diamond check tweed, on the right, for a street dress by Marcus. The cross-cut skirt has a deep front pleat and slit pockets on the hips. An indispensable garment to alternate with a suit for early sunshine. At the foot of the facing page, left, a navy and white suit of eloquent simplicity with white piqué at the neck. Designed for Jacqmar by David Kidd of Hollywood. Next, Matita's useful grey flannel, the hip-length bodice develops into wide unpressed pleats.

WHOLESALERS' plans for spring clothes were made long before Christmas, and by now shops have stocked with the spring clothes that as yet seem a little out of tune with the weather. But though the warmer days are still ahead, it will not be long before the first exciting rays of sunshine bring thoughts of something new to wear.

Wise selectors go for the suit or the tailored wool dress which can be worn under a top coat, while the weather is still unpredictable, and will come forth a little later with good accessories.

This season's tailoring is marked by extreme femininity. Interest focuses on cinched waists, jutting pockets to accentuate the hipline, and many touches of crisp white in the form of detachable piqué collars.

Skirt lengths are unchanged at around fifteen inches, and reed slim or flared with deep unpressed pleats starting from a low hipline. Coats have rounded shoulders, and the push-up sleeve worn wrist length or half-way up the forearm repeats itself in every collection. Suit jackets and spring coats are lined with brilliant contrast colours. Grey with mimosa, navy with bright scarlet, black with royal blue. The English fashion picture for this spring is feminine but unfussy, practical but colourful.

Handmade

THIS white jumper has an unusual diagonal shaping, which is shown to scale in the detail below. Although not a difficult pattern, this is not a design for the inexperienced knitter to tackle, as the effect depends largely on the fine and even texture of the knitting. Use 6 oz. of Wendy Super Botany Wool, 2-ply, with size 10 needles. The twisted ribbing for welt, collar and cuffs and pocket flaps is worked on size 14 needles. Work to the tension given at the foot of the page, to fit size 36-in. to 38-in. bust

In Diagonal Stitch

BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 3 sts.

1st row.—K., inc. 2 sts. in end st. (by knitting first into back, then front and then into back again). **2nd row.**—P., inc. 1 st. in end st. (by purling into front, then back of st.). **3rd row.**—As 1st row. **4th row.**—As 2nd row. **5th row.**—As 1st row. **6th row.**—P., inc. 2 sts. in end st.

Repeat these 6 rows until there are 95 sts. End k. row.

With another ball of wool, work another corner as follows. Cast on 3 sts. **1st row.**—K., inc. 1 st. in end st. **2nd row.**—P., inc. 2 sts. in end st. **3rd row.**—As 1st row. **4th row.**—As 2nd row. **5th row.**—K., inc. 2 sts. in end st. **6th row.**—As 2nd row.

Repeat these 6 rows until there are 93 sts. End p. row. Break off wool. Now with needle of first piece, k. across sts. of second piece and inc. 1 st. at end (now 189 sts.). **Next row.**—P., inc. 1 st. at end (190). Continue as follows :

1st row.—K. 94, k. 3 tog., k. to end, inc. 1 st. in end st.

2nd row.—P., inc. 1 st. in end st. (190).

3rd row.—K. 94, k. 3 tog., k. to end, inc. 2 sts. in end st.

4th row.—P., inc. 2 sts. in end st. (192).

5th row.—K. 95, k. 3 tog., k. to end, inc. 1 st. in end st.

6th row.—P., inc. 1 st. in end st.

7th and 8th rows.—As 5th and 6th rows.

Inc. 2 sts. at end of next 2 rows (194 sts.). Continue as described, inc. 1 st. only at end of each row until the end of the 8th dec. row (counting 3 middle sts. knitted tog. on k. rows as decreases), when sleeve piece should be knitted as follows :

SLEEVE

With another needle, cast on 3 sts. **1st row.**—K., inc. 1 st. in end st. **2nd row.**—P., inc. 2 sts. in end st.

Repeat these 2 rows until there are 18 sts. End p. row, and break off wool. With needle of main piece, k. across these sleeve sts. and inc. 1 st. at end. **Next row.**—P., and inc. 1 st. at end. Now work another sleeve corner as follows :

Cast on 3 sts. **1st row.**—P., inc. 1 st. in end st. **2nd row.**—K., inc. 2 sts. in end st. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 18 sts. End k. row and break off wool. Return to main piece and p. across these 18 sts. and inc. 1 st. in end st. (Now 232 sts.). Work as follows :

1st row.—K., k. the 3 middle sts. tog. as usual, inc. 1 st. at end. **2nd row.**—P., inc. 1 st. at end. Continue thus until the beg. of the 36th dec. row when shoulder shaping begins as follows :

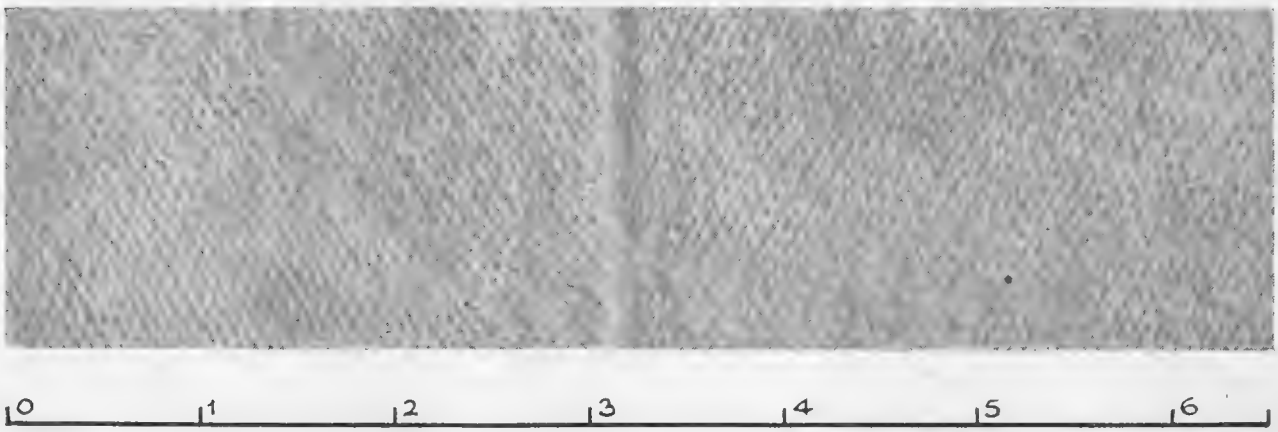
SHOULDERS

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each row and omit the inc. sts. at end of each row until the beg. of the 53rd dec. row and 130 sts. remain, when division for neck opening begins as follows :

1st row.—Cast off 2 sts. as usual, and k. 60, k. 2 tog., turn. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—Cast off 2 sts., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **4th row.**—P. Repeat rows 3 and 4 until there are 30 decs. (counting the 2 cast off sts. at beg. of each k. row). End p. row. Now cast off 3 sts. at beg. of each k. row and k. last 2 sts. tog. as before until all are cast off.

Join wool to middle (neck opening), k. 1, k. 2 tog. and pass 1st st. over, k. to end. **2nd row.**—Cast off 2 sts., p. to end. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to end. **4th row.**—As 2nd row. Continue and work to match other side.

(*Continued on page 73*)



For Tailor-mades

A DESIGN with versatile neckline which can be worn in several ways. The photographs show two variations, one buttoned and one tied. This is an easy pattern for the beginner. It requires only 4 oz. of Lavenda 2-ply wool, in pastel pink. The welting is worked on No. 13 needles, the rest on No. 11 needles. Working at a tension of 7½ stitches and 10 rows to 1 in., the jumper fits a 34-in. bust

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew strips to back of neck.

For the buttoned neckline, slip on the garment after assembling it. Allow the two neckpieces to fall naturally into position as shown in the picture. Attach the ends in place with a pair of matching buttons.

For the second variation, the ends are tied to suit the wearer and the ends perked up into a bow. The bow is then fixed in place with a brooch.

* * * * *

The abbreviations used in the pattern on this page and also the one on the opposite page are : k. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; st.st. = stocking stitch (k. 1 row, p. 1 row) ; inc. = increase (work into front and back of each stitch) ; dec. = decrease (take 2 sts. together) ; tog. = together.

Dual Neck Sweater

BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins.

Change to No. 11 needles and stocking st. and inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 138, and measurement at centre 9½ ins., including rib. Cast on 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work these 8 sts. in moss st. and work twice into the first st. inside this moss border at both edges on 6th row and every 6th row after, until there are 164 sts. Work straight for 6½ ins.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 44 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

As back until there are 138 sts. Now cast on the 8 sts. at each end of needle.

Work on half the sts., increasing at armhole as in back and working 20 sts. at centre in moss st.

When there are 4 increases at sleeve edge, work straight until there are 4 ins. along the sleeve edge, measured from where the moss sts. were cast on.

Now increase by working twice into neck edge on every other row, until there are 7 ins. of moss st. at sleeve.

Cast on 20 sts. at neck edge, work until 2 ins. since the 20 sts. were cast on. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole on every other row, until there are 10 groups of 6.

Cast off all remaining sts. but 6 at neck. Work 2½ ins. on these in moss st.

Work other shoulder to correspond.

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

Spotting useful and decorative things for the home, helpful services and advance news from London stores is our shopping expert's mission in life. We cannot make readers' purchases but we can advise about where to make their own. An inquiry to Margaret Sharp addressed to "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, will bring further details of the things mentioned on this and the following page or advice on specific shopping matters

A DRY SALAD is half the secret of a good salad. The wire basket, left, is the perfect way of shaking salads dry. Price 9s. 9d.

Pretty and ingenious, an interchangeable lampshade. The shade comprises base and transparent cover which can be easily slipped on and off. Almost anything can be used to decorate the shade such as cutouts, chintz motifs, fancy papers or even your own watercolours, which are held in place by the transparent cover. When you are tired of them, slip off the cover and put in others. The shade complete with two alternative petticoats, costs 25s.

POTTERY IN THE modern mood. Walton pottery seagull and duck (left) in an attractive shade of smoky grey with a high glaze. Liberty's, from 4s. 10d.

Spectacles which are a case in themselves solve the problem of the mislaid case. Ingeniously hinged so that the side pieces fold flat to protect the lenses back and front, they will slip unobtrusively into a pocket or handbag. At good opticians.

A HANDY LITTLE egg whip which helps to make the most of the egg ration. It is specially designed to combine speedy whisking with the minimum of waste when using small quantities of egg. With green enamel handle, price 1s. 6d.

Blackbird in a pie supports the crust and provides a steam vent. He is fun and he is practical, in brown and black glazed pottery, dainty enough to set before a king. The price is 5s. 3d. from Liberty's.

THE FLEXY BRUSH is for car owner-drivers. Fitted to the end of a garden hose, it gives a high pressure of water through stiff bristles to simplify the cleaning of wheel spokes or getting the mud off the wings. The backing is rubber and cannot be affected by the water. Price 43s. 6d.

Coffee table in the nautical vein. Made from a ship's wheel with a circular glass top, price £6 5s. 0d.

Two Colours Are Better Than One . . .

Great artists paint one colour over another to achieve a vibrating quality. So now Miss Arden creates a dual use of lipsticks in colours that blend for brilliance and excitement. Use two lipsticks to have four shades—two pure colours and two blended colours.

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

Striking over Paradise Pink
Red Feather over Sky Blue Pink
Montezuma Red over Radiant Peony
Desert Pink over Crimson Lilac

Reverse these combinations and, presto, you have other new and wonderful lip colours. Buy them in pairs in a sparkling "Better than one" duet 23/6 Singly 11/9, 15/-, 24/3

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

In at least one respect this busy English street scene is typical of many others thousands of miles away. Go to Sydney or Sao Paulo, Montreal or Montevideo, Colombo or Kyoto—you will find trolley-buses as popular as they are in Great Britain. You will also find that they are either completely built or equipped by 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'.

bringing you

Every day, all over the world, people travel to and from their homes by 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' trams, trains and trolleybuses. Housewives, office workers, factory workers, school-children—all enjoy the benefits of cleaner, quieter, more comfortable travel.
Both inside and outside the home 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' puts the power of electricity at the service of millions.

better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

More Shopping For You

Personal initial serviettes for weddings, cocktail or twenty-first parties. Any quantity can be supplied within forty-eight hours of ordering. Serviettes cost 12s. 7d. for 100. For twenty-first birthdays and weddings, printed in silver or gold, the price is 18s. 3d.

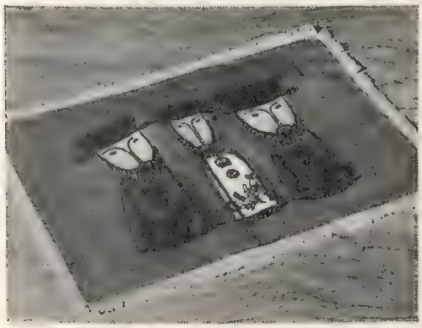
FROM FEBRUARY 12 to 23, the Furniture Exhibition at Earls Court offers a chance of getting a comprehensive picture of what the furniture manufacturer to-day can offer in design, craftsmanship and value.

IF YOU ARE planning an early holiday abroad, you will be looking for beachwear now. One of the best-known London stores is expecting its stocks this month. Original styles are promised at low prices.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE advice on the modernization and replanning of your kitchen? Bring a sketch plan to town with you and take it and your problems for expert advice to the North Thames Gas Board Kitchen Planning Bureau, 30 Kensington Church Street, W.8. The service is free. Before taking the plunge with any major equipment for the house or having structural alterations done, pay a visit to the Building Centre, 26 Store Street, W.C.1. There you can see all there is to see in the building and house equipment line and get impartial advice on what you need it.

A USEFUL LITTLE machine for making ice-cream for winter parties or in anticipation of a hot summer, is now on the market. With the aid of a refrigerator, the Ice King can produce about ¾-pint of ice-cream in a few minutes at a cost of 1s., which is much below the shop price. No ice or freezing mixture is required, and the ice-cream making box is compact enough to tuck into the refrigerator when not in use. The price is 90s.

Beefeaters decorate these gay table-mats. Printed in lime green, café au lait, eau de nil and ice blue on pure linen, they are dye fast as all table linen must be. In two sizes, the larger costs 12s. 1d., the smaller 11s. 2d.



THE NEWEST IDEA in lingerie is an American-inspired strapless slip in heavy milanese weave nylon. The top is shaped and elasticed to stay put. It can be had in black, white and peach; price 87s. 3d.

VERSATILE ACCESSORY from Fenwicks is a three-corner jersey wool stole which can be worn as a shawl or as an apron drape over dress or skirt. In all black, or black with coloured fringe; the price is only 16s. 5d.

AN ELECTRIC TEA COSY will keep the pot warm for second cups, and can also be used to keep any liquids hot all night. Useful for invalids who might require something warm to drink in the small hours of the morning. Price 58s. 6d.

A NEW DESIGN sponge mop makes it possible to wash floors, walls and windows without wetting the hands. A patent spring squeezes out the water for you. The business end of the mop can be replaced when worn. Price 15s. 10d.

POTTERY FROM PENDLEY MANOR is something not everyone knows about. This pottery is made by a non-profit making trust, and prices are moderate. Bell-shaped vases, 17s. 6d.; cheese dish, 14s. 6d.; butter dish, 9s. 11d.; wall vase, 17s. 6d.; coffee set for six, £4 15s.; ash-trays, from 3s. 11d.

A UTILITY PERAMBULATOR RUG made by Morlands, of Glastonbury, represents outstandingly good value for money. In all-wool velour with an attractive nursery appliqué design, it costs only 25s. 3d. There are over twelve colours and colour combinations to choose from.

Transfer motif designs range from the nursery pixies here to flower bouquets. They can be used to decorate lampshades, as firescreen insets, to transform humdrum cupboards and in the nursery. The prices range from 1½d. to 1s. 6d., according to size, and some special large ones recently issued cost 3s. 6d.

In Town In February

SHOPPING for a spring suit? Couture designing at ready-to-wear prices are found at Jacqmar, of Grosvenor Street. The new spring collection includes suits and coats by three famous designers, Digby Morton, of London, David Kidd, of Hollywood, and Monte Sano, of New York. Prices start at 20 gns.

OWNERS of larger than average feet will find the long search for comfort at an end at the shop which caters for tall girls and calls itself by that name. You will find it in Sackville Street, off Piccadilly.

A VISIT to London is a chance to get a bra or girdle or both made to measure. Enid Lawrence, of Grosvenor Street, has a long experience in over- and under-average figures. If you are looking for real comfort and control the made-to-measure garment *is* the answer.

LOOKING FOR ideas about evening wear? D. H. Evans, of Oxford Street, have an excellent evening "Separates" department. Here, there are imaginative evening "tops" to go with a variety of attractive and inexpensive skirts including a double net over taffeta ballet skirt. A good evening outfit can be very inexpensive bought this way.

AN ASSOCIATION of Paris dressmakers recently formed brings original designs from the French collections to this country at realistic prices. Several world-famous Paris houses are co-operating in the scheme which means that master's designs can be bought in a London store none the less authentic for being interpreted in its own workroom. So if you are looking for a cocktail suit, evening dress, afternoon dress, or coat with a Paris name tag—and all that it implies—for the price of an ordinary top grade garment, look for it at Peter Jones, of Sloane Square.

SEARCHING for smart gloves? Visit Jays, of Oxford Circus, who have one of the best ranges of gloves in all price categories. Hats? Fenwicks, of Bond Street, have inexpensive, smart, though perhaps a little younger, hats. Accessories with a difference? Paris House specialize in dressmaker jewellery, good belts and original trinkets to add a *je ne sais quoi* to a new spring outfit. Close by, Gaychild is worth a visit if you are shopping for the youngsters. Lovely babies' and young children's clothes of original design and not too costly.

Knowing London in the wider sense is one thing, but finding what you want when you want it, organizing the occasional visit to the best advantage is no easy matter. This is an information corner for out-of-town readers aiming to tell you . . .

WHAT TO SEE . . . WHERE TO LOOK . . . WHERE TO GO

The sylvan tranquillity of the park at Luton Hoo typifies the work of the eighteenth century landscape gardener, Capability Brown

How Did Your Garden Grow?

ASKED for our impressions of the typical English garden of tradition, I suppose most of us would plump for the soft, green lawns embowered with foliage and bright with flowers. But, in fact, this popular picture is a myth. Two hundred years ago the flower garden as we know it hardly existed and a hundred years past from now few people would have heard of a rockery. In fact, the English garden is the result of a long and complicated development.

After the Wars of the Roses in the sixteenth century, England settled down to peace and prosperity under the Tudors. Houses were built for comfort instead of defence, and formal gardens were laid out conveniently near, with the main central path leading from the house, giving a unity to the whole plan. It was a walled garden divided into rectangular beds edged with box, with simple flowers and herbs. In the reign of Henry VIII this developed into the complicated "knotte" garden, in which dwarf herbs and shrubs were planted in geometrical shapes, clipped low. The best original knotte is at Hampton Court, and its smooth, compact surface makes one want to pat it, like a well-kept dog.

It was in the prosperous Elizabethan era that the formal garden was developed and enlarged, but the square knotte remained, divided into four quarters, a fountain in the centre, and surrounded by raised terraces. One terrace would run along the façade of the house, with a flight of steps leading down to the sunk "parterres," another flight would lead up to the opposite terrace, and from here one would get a fine view of the house and park, and also be advantageously placed to see the design of the knotte below. Conveniently adjoining the house would be the kitchen garden. Herbs grown for medicinal purposes were still the most valued plants.

In his famous essay on gardens, Francis Bacon strongly advises a "Mount," and this agreeable feature is often seen in the remains of Elizabethan and Jacobean gardens. It was artificially raised, usually terraced on one or more sides, with a seat or arbour on top from which one could see over the garden wall, across the surrounding countryside, and keep abreast with the times.

Charles II's long exile in France and Holland brought the French and Dutch influences to the English garden. The strict barriers between garden and park were now broken, and again Hampton Court is a fine example, where avenues radiate from the central door of the Wren façade, and, past rows of clipped yews, the eye is carried through graceful wrought-iron gates, along great canals flanked by avenues of trees, to the horizon. Throughout the Stuart period parks were laid out on similar lines.

THE Dutch style had another fillip with the accession of William of Orange. Enclosed within walls or pleached arcades, gardens were studded with clipped yews and paved with elaborate parterres. Orange and lemon trees in tubs were typical features, and orangeries were built to house them in the winter.

The formal garden reached its full glory in the reign of Queen Anne, and no one could have imagined that soon it would be light-heartedly swept away before the spirit of the Romantic movement. But men like novelty, and when Addison suggested in the *Spectator* that yew trees had been tortured long enough, his words fell on fruitful ground.

The final blow to the formal garden was the invention of the ha-ha. This was a sunk wall, the top of which was level with the ground on the garden side, while on the other side a sloping ditch rose from the base of the wall to the park beyond, thus preventing the cattle and deer from getting into the garden, with no visible break between the garden and park.

By SAM BEAZLEY

Rich and influential young men were returning from the Grand Tour with canvases by Claude, Poussin and Salvator Rosa, and these romantic landscapes served as models for their English estates.

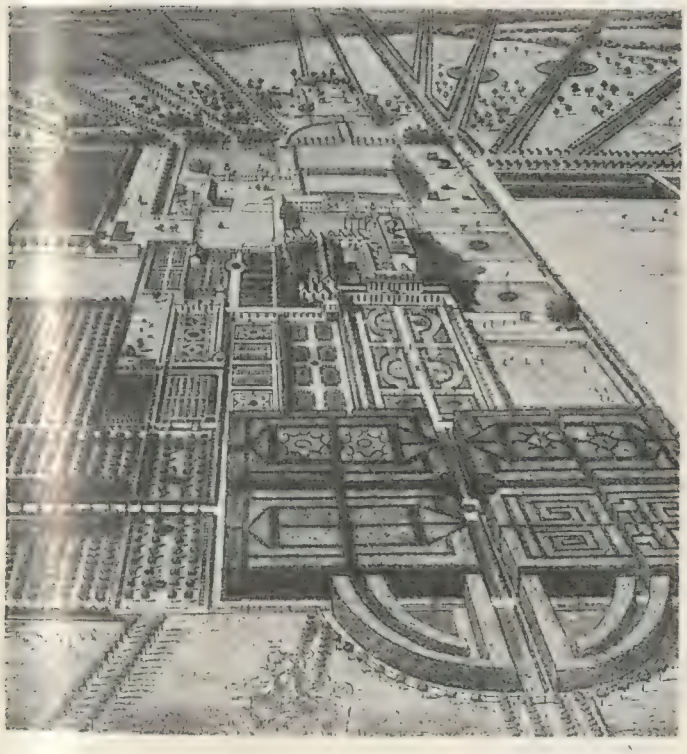
In the period of transition between the formal and landscape styles the architect William Kent designed some fine gardens and parks. Flowers were banished to the kitchen garden, and although parts of his layout were still formal, he lived up to his famous maxim: "Nature abhors a straight line," grouping his trees informally and respecting the contours of the land. The best surviving examples are his own garden at Rowsham, Kent, and Chiswick Villa, which he designed for his patron, Lord Burlington.

WITH the advent of Capability Brown, so called because on arriving at an estate his invariable comment was: "I see a great capability of improvement here," in the mid-eighteenth century, the last traces of formality were swept away, even the ha-ha disappeared, and the park came right up to the house with deer looking in at the windows. Here, indeed, was the Romantic picture come to life. Brown developed Kent's style; his landscapes are asymmetrical, the long, formal avenues are swept away, clumps of trees crowning hilltops take their place, while serpentine lakes fill the valleys. Brown brought great changes to the face of England, and many scenes which we now think of as typically English were, in fact, designed to reproduce a romantic Italian landscape.

Humphrey Repton carried on (*Continued on page 66*)

[*Photograph: "Country Life"*

[*Photograph: "Country Life"*



The formality exemplified in the design above for Badminton, the seventeenth-century seat of the Dukes of Beaufort, was finally banished by Capability Brown in favour of the naturalistic plan with groups of trees carefully placed in a sweeping landscape. Brown's work for Luton Hoo, the Adams mansion now owned by Sir Harold Wernher, typifies the sylvan tranquillity which superseded earlier geometrical planning. Pictures on the right trace the evolution of the garden from Henry VIII's knotte garden at Hampton Court (*top*) to the Tudor walled garden at Montacute, the Victorian bedding system and, finally, the flowery informality of the modern herbaceous border

Young Spring Fashions

THE group on the facing page includes, from left to right, a girl's fitted coat in pastel blue with velvet piping at the waistline. The small boy wears covert coating with a velvet collar and matching jockey cap.

In the goat cart, the smaller girl is neatly suited in grey flannel. The skirt has braces and deep box pleats. Her companion's camel velour coat is double-breasted with wide lapels. Peter Pan Garments.

On this page the ten-year-old wears a spring coat in pastel wool with interest at the back. A contrasting velvet collar matches velvet buttons.

Dayella's endearing little girl print has a white bib front and collar, is washable and has matching knickers. The Sympalon boy's suit allows freedom of movement to small fry. The new type knickers do away with buttons round the waist and have a straight band in front with elastic inserted at the back.

Bland Diet

FAR from associating the light diet with people who are ill in bed, the term embraces the great company of slimmers and the formidable ranks of those who suffer from gastric complaints.

Whatever the reason, the bland diet is a recurring factor in modern life and the problems it presents to the people whose job it is to prepare it are sometimes comparable with those of the sufferers who have to eat it, for the preparation of special dishes is a considerable brain teaser.

All bland diets ban fried foods, and meat, when it is allowed, must be tender and easily digested. Fish and eggs can be extremely monotonous unless they are served with other appetizing foods and accompanied with attractive sauces and the right combination of vegetables.

Vegetables and fruits, both of which are essential to a well-balanced diet, are more easily digested in the strained form and do at the same time lighten the burden of preparation for the cook.

Deep frozen foods have the advantage of being easily and quickly prepared and offer a welcome variety to menus now that fish and chicken, as well as chicken livers, and some delicious fruits are more easily obtainable. From the point of view of cost, these specially prepared foods compare favourably since, apart from their convenience, they represent one hundred per cent selected edible food. There is no waste.

Now for some light diet menus :

First Menu (right-hand lower picture): **Beef and Liver Dariolles with Carrot Scallop. Apple Turban.**

For the Beef and Liver Dariolle, take a small tin of beef and liver soup (Heinz). Beat up an egg and add to the soup. Grease a small mould with butter and pour in the soup. Tie up and steam or boil for 20 minutes. Turn out.

Serve the dariolle with a carrot scallop made from a small tin of strained carrot, heated in a double saucepan with one tablespoonful of parsley sauce. Just before serving, pour into a greased scallop shell and keep warm in the oven. Take a portion of strained peas from a small tin and heat in a pan with a little butter and enough cold mashed potato to make a stiff paste to go through a forcing tube. Pipe a border of this purée into the scallop. A little green colouring adds to the appearance.

For the Apple Turban make a little custard with the yoke of an egg. Crumble a slice of sponge cake into the bottom of a fireproof dish. Moisten with orange juice and add the custard. Cover with apple purée. If you can spare an egg, whisk the white stiffly with a tablespoonful of caster sugar and swirl on top of the apple. Put in a low oven until the meringue is set.

Second Menu (right top picture): **Kedgeree of Chicken. Plum Creams with Orange Jelly.**

For the kedgeree, put the contents of a small tin of chicken broth in a double saucepan and bring to the boil. Season with salt. Throw in a tablespoonful of cleaned rice. Simmer gently about 20

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Dish Of The Month

THE familiar Welsh rarebit becomes a piquant dish with the addition of eggs, paprika and stale breadcrumbs. It is appetizing for a light meal, yet nourishing for a more substantial one when preceded by a good soup and followed with sweet.

Sprinkle a layer of breadcrumbs in a buttered fireproof dish, cover with a layer of grated cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and salt and repeat twice making three layers in all. Add about one and a half cups of milk to two beaten eggs and pour over the mixture. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once. The addition of flour in the recipe keeps the rarebit light and fluffy, even when cold, so that it can be served as a cocktail snack. The ingredients for a traditional Welsh rarebit are 1 cup grated cheese, 1 oz. margarine, 1 oz. flour, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 1 eggspoonful salt, ½ eggspoonful black pepper, 1 eggspoonful dry mustard, 1 cup milk. The fat is dissolved in a small pan, the flour added and stirred until thick. Add mustard, salt and pepper, stir again, and add milk gradually.

Remove from fire, beat in vinegar. Return to heat for a few moments, add the cheese and stir until perfectly smooth. Pile on to rounds of toast.

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Cookery by Harriet Muir

nu tes till tender and the broth is ab rbed. Add a tablespoonful of creamed br st of chicken (these can be of the de frozen kind obtainable in a package) an a nut of butter. Heat together. Pile on plate and garnish with parsley and su und with swirls of strained carrot he d and stiffened with potato and put th gh a forcing tube. Serve with tri gles of toast.

m Creams with Orange Jelly. M an orange jelly in the usual way. Di lve two teaspoonfuls of gelatine in a gi f hot, sweetened water. Mix in a tin of rained Plums with Semolina (Heinz) an add a teaspoonful of sherry. Turn out when set and decorate with chopped ora e jelly and grapes from which the skin and pips have been removed.

Third Menu (centre picture): **Steamed fish with Spinach Sauce. Custard Pudding with Caramel Sauce.**

Steam two small fillets of white fish on a covered plate over a pan of boiling water. Make a Spinach Sauce by adding a small tin of Strained Spinach to about a half-cup of white sauce and a walnut of butter. Season well, reheat and, if needed, add a little milk. Serve round the fish. Alternatively, a savoury butter adds piquancy and flavour to steamed fish dishes. Soften 2 oz. margarine and season well. For lemon butter to accompany sole add a little grated lemon rind and 3 teaspoonfuls lemon juice. For parsley butter which is good with cod, add a tablespoonful chopped parsley, or finely chopped watercress is a good alternative, for cheese butter an ounce of grated cheese. This butter goes well with almost any fish, or other flavours can be introduced such as a celery, tomato ketchup and so on.

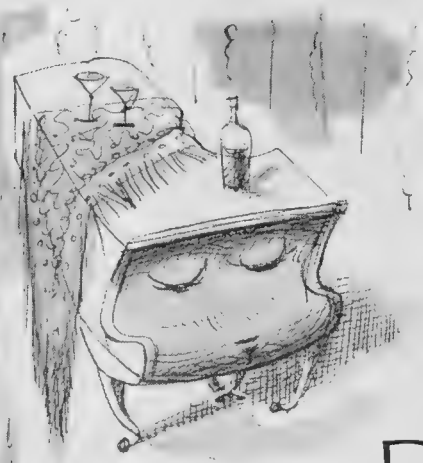
A tin of Strained Custard Pudding makes the basis of the sweet in this menu. Turn the pudding out carefully so that it does not break. Add a few sugar decorations and the Caramel Sauce which is made with 2 oz. of loaf sugar boiled in a gill of water until golden brown. When the mixture colours add another gill of water and boil for 2 minutes.

Fourth Menu (left-hand picture): **Tomato Soup. A lightly Poached Egg on Sieved Spinach. Strained Prunes folded with stiffly beaten egg white and a glass of milk.**

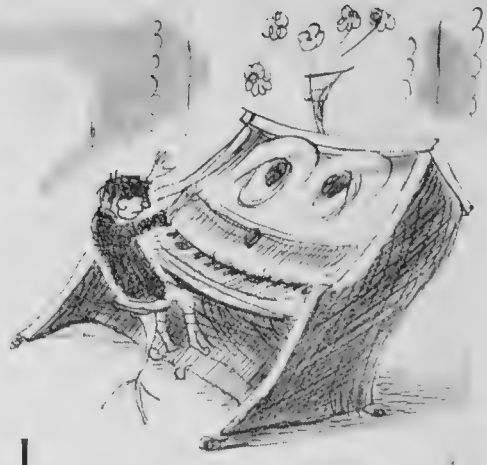
A half can of tomato soup with a half-cup of milk added and a little sugar, makes a substantial portion for one. Poach the egg lightly and arrange it on the strained, heated spinach.

As an alternative to spinach, use green sprouting broccoli (Birds Eye quick, frozen Broccoli comes as spears or Broccoli Cuts which are the flowery tips of the vegetable 1s. 11d. and 2s.).

For the sweet, add a stiffly-beaten egg white to a tin of strained prunes. Alternatively, one of the quick frozen fruits is delicious and refreshing. Strawberries served with yoghourt have a heavenly piquancy. Blackcurrants are equally good and full of vitamins, and pineapple slices in syrup (10-oz. cartons for 2s. 3d.) would make any bland diet exciting.



Humphrey Knight discusses the private life of a pianoforte



Pianos Don't Drink

THE fact that pianos are mostly very heavy does not prevent them from being also very sensitive.

Their mechanism is delicate and their construction complex—in short they are almost human in their likes and dislikes, but quite human in their ailments.

They should never be treated as just another piece of furniture, for that hurts the piano's feeling in more ways than one.

The soul of a piano, which is its tone, deserves but does not always get, the most tender consideration. If you talk to any piano-tuner it won't be long before there are tears in his eyes when he tells you about The Cruelty To Pianos which goes on in many a respectable home.

Pianos catch cold, and when they do, their tone and tuning, like the human voice, is affected. They positively *loathe* damp. They should live in a dry room and never be placed against an outside wall. They do not like conservatories, windows that are constantly being opened and draughts are anathema to them. Through winter and spring the room temperature should not be allowed to fall below sixty degrees Fahr. It is not suggested that your piano should dominate the home. After all, a piano is created for the pleasure of playing, and the enjoyment of listening. But it is so important to understand your piano, for pianos suffer, like people, when they are misunderstood.

PIANOS hate moths, but moths love pianos. The moths hide in the cloth and felt and particularly in the dark spots under the keys and in the action. However bad the player, he or she will never drive them out.

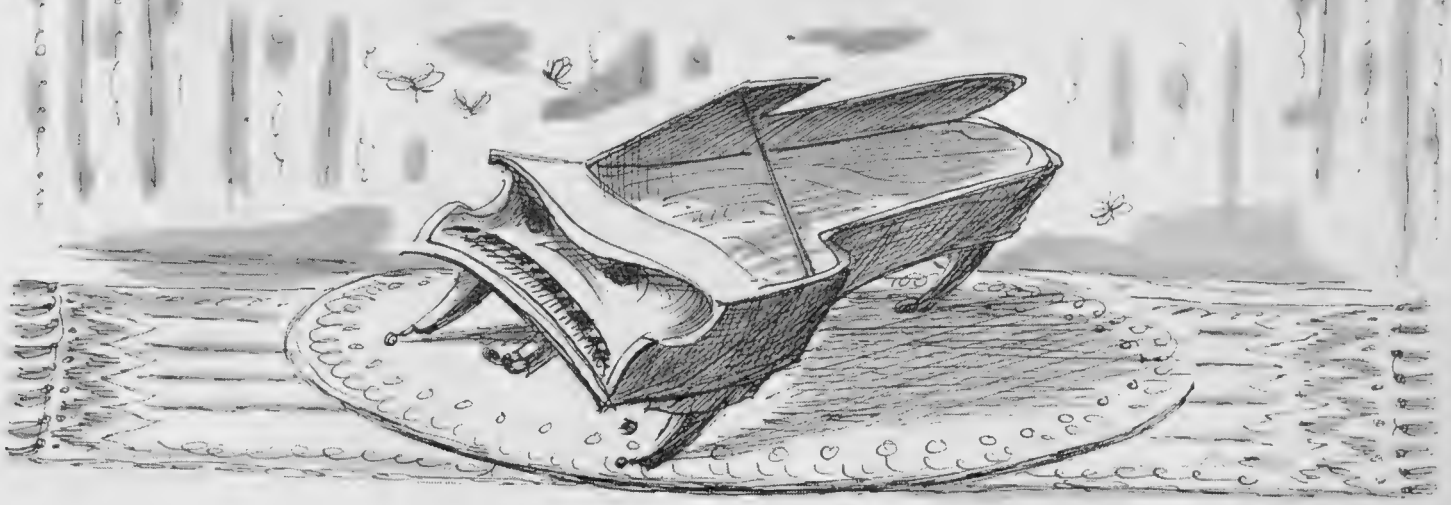
That is one reason why it is so important to have your piano tuned regularly for the tuner will look for moths besides tuning your instrument. Makers of pianoforte all agree that tuning should be done four times a year. If it is neglected then, like ignoring the symptoms of an illness, the cure is longer, harder and more expensive. A piano, even the smallest and cheapest, is the work of craftsmen.

It is created by many hands; the men who construct the soundboard, which is the real source of its character and beauty of tone, the men who fit the actions and keys (a job which needs tremendous skill and care), the men who polish, and the men who work in the finishing shop where your piano is finally tuned, toned and regulated, all work as a team of skilled artists.

It's not surprising then that pianos hate ham hands, and all children who bang the keyboard, even if doting parents think the thumping child a future Solomon. If the keyboard is banged hard enough, and long enough, the action of the keys will be irreparably damaged. Restoration is a costly matter.

Pianos, like cats, adore being *clean*. Keeping up the polish of the casing, and the inside dust-free, remembering always to keep the top of the piano closed when it is not being played, all helps to preserve the perfection of tone with which it left the works.

STRANGELY enough, pianos don't mind being moved. If the removal is done by *experts*, or furniture removers with experience, no harm comes to your piano when you change its address. (*Continued on page 67*)



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MEANS AND METHODS

New ways of tackling domestic chores are always turning up, new tricks of the domestic trade are always being discovered. This is a report from the housekeeping front for practical housewives

● From one of the world's leading antique dealers comes a furniture polish of more than special qualities. Experience and research have gone into the creation of a polish which will preserve and improve woods of every type and colour. This is the polish to use on antiques and the good modern pieces which will be the antiques of the future. It can be used on light modern woods and dark seasoned timbers, for beautiful wood block floors, carved woods and also on leather upholstery. Although slightly more expensive than other polishes at 1s. 9d. for the household size, it is economical in use and need be applied only once a month.

● There is also a new cleaner for soft furnishings. This cleaner will remove most spots and stains and bring up the colours of rugs, carpets, tapestry and upholstery. Economical in use, a 2s. 6d. bottle will clean a 12 ft. by 9 ft. carpet, two armchairs and a sofa. It is a useful all-purpose cleaner to have in the house, as it will also clean hats and coats, and look after windows, car body work and upholstery, tiles and silverware.

● While on the subject of silver, you may not have heard of the Tarnprufe Holloware Bags, made of an amazing new cloth which prevents tarnishing of silverware. The bags are made in sizes from 18 in. by 20 in. (8s. 9d.) to 8 in. by 8½ in. (3s.). It can also be obtained in rolls for storing precious cutlery.

● There are some charming new designs in furnishing fabrics. A pretty printed linen called Zineas, available in several colourways on a natural ground, is only 9s. 7d. a yard, 30 in. wide. "Surge" is a very modern design printed on one of the first Utility satins to be available. In lime and pink, yellow and green, terra-cotta and yellow, green and blue, all on white ground, 16s. 3d. a yard, 48 in. wide.

● A patent latch for doors, cupboards and drawers gives you a second pair of hands in the kitchen. The catch needs only a touch with finger, wrist, or elbow if your hands are floury, to open and only a touch to close. Handles, knobs are eliminated so that doors and drawers can be flush with the wall, and add to the streamlining of the kitchen.

● Aluminium saucepans now difficult to buy must be pampered. Staining of the aluminium is caused by minerals in some foods and water. It is not harmful although it spoils the look of the aluminium. Remove it by boiling an acid solution of two tablespoons of cream of tartar to a quart of water in the pan for five minutes. Minerals in food and water may also cause a pitting of the surface which regular cleaning and polishing with steel wool will take care of.

● Two handy hints . . . a cake rack placed over grilling bacon, keeps unruly curls in place . . . a speedy way to shell hard-boiled eggs is to put them in a wire basket or colander, rap smartly until shells are well cracked, then wash off broken pieces under the tap.

● Books for your reference library . . . *Weldon's Encyclopædia of Needlework* (Waverley, 30s.) contains everything the needlewoman needs to know from embroidery stitches to cutting a pattern. . . . *Mrs. Dale's Bedside Book* (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.), a treasury of old recipes, prescriptions, quotations apt and beguiling.

CURTAIN WISDOM

CURTAINS with a professional tailored look give an indisputable finish to a room. This is where the eye falls immediately upon entering the room and perfectly fitted curtains probably give a greater cachet to a room than any other detail. Home-made curtains often lack this finish because indifferent methods of making are used.

The "hang" of curtains depends to a very large extent upon good supporting runners. The extra initial cost of these justifies itself in appearance and in the ease with which the curtains are controlled.

The new Ruflette Silent Runway shows great improvement over former types because though it has the usual metallic fitment the old style metallic wheels are replaced with runners of fabric bonded with metal. These are cushioned against metal to metal contact and slide soundlessly. Even more important is the fact that they are rot-proof and damp-proof and work with equal efficiency round gradual bends and straight runs.

Curtains with a heading at the top (these are usual when there is no pelmet to hide the top edge of the curtain) are much improved by the use of the Ruflette Giraffe Tape which is ingeniously designed to take a specially shaped Long Neck Hook which enters not only the pocket in the curtain tape but projects right up into the curtain heading itself, thereby holding it upright and preventing the droop which detracts so much from the professional look.

A charming window treatment in the dining-room of Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels

Breakfast is better with CHUNKY

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

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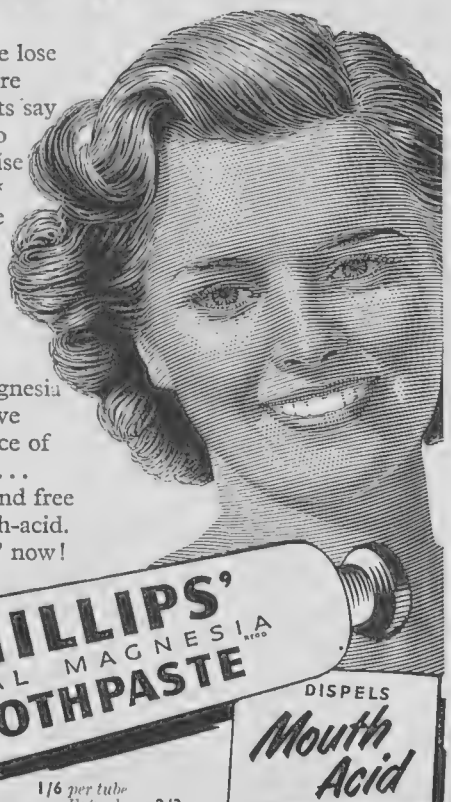

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're 40? Dentists say this is largely due to mouth-acid and advise 'Milk of Magnesia'* as the most effective way to dispel it.

One toothpaste and one only contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and that is — Phillips' Dental Magnesia Toothpaste. So give yourself a real chance of keeping your teeth . . . healthy, attractive and free from harmful mouth-acid. Start using Phillips' now!

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA TOOTHPASTE

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1/6 *per tube* *Extra large* 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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Knights Of The Desert (*Continued from page 25*)

accept the orthodox teaching of the Church.

But with the Arab invasions of North Africa in the seventh century, they were converted (at the point of the sword) to Islam, though once again we find that the version of Islam that they embraced was schismatic. Far from becoming vassals of the Arabs, they actually founded important dynasties which made their influence felt as far as Spain. But four centuries later, the Fatimid Khalifs of Cairo became jealous of the dissident Berber kingdoms, and launched a new series of invasions, which were to have a far greater and more lasting effect than any previous invasions into North Africa. The flourishing Berber cities, their industries and their prosperous farmlands were laid waste. Many of the Berber people took refuge in the Atlas Mountains. Others went farther afield into the Sahara, driving out in their turn the original black inhabitants of the desert. They are still there to-day.

IN the very centre of the Sahara, amongst the volcanic mountains of the Hoggar, live the Touareg, the most picturesque and romantic of all the desert people, who still recall with pride their descent from the great Almoravid Berber dynasty that ruled over North Africa and Spain a thousand years ago. Theirs is a feudal society. They have an overlord or king, the Amenokal, who has his court of nobles, who in turn have their vassals and bondmen. Before the pacification of the desert by the French, the Touareg controlled the caravan routes, extracting tribute money in exchange for safe conduct. Their reputation as warriors was feared throughout the Sahara and as far afield as the Sudan, two thousand miles to the south, when they would descend on slave-raiding expeditions.

The men of the Hoggar are tall and slender. Their complexion is naturally fair but their skins are soon burnt by the desert sun; their hair is straight and dark. But not much of their features is revealed, for in early manhood they assume a veil—the *litham*—which in the case of a nobleman, is henceforward never discarded, not even when he is eating. The origin of this custom is unknown and dates from earliest antiquity. Like the rest of their robes it is dyed a deep indigo blue and ancient Spanish legends still tell of the "Blue Men" or "Men of the Veil" who once conquered the Iberian peninsula. The *litham* cannot be primarily a protection against the sandstorms of the desert, for the Touareg women remain unveiled, and moreover it is worn indoors. Lord Rennell who spent many months amongst the Touareg Air does not accept the usual tradition that they are of Berber origin, but claims that they are a separate race with marked peculiarities, distinct from other sections of the North African people. This is how he describes them.

"The beauty and grace of their bodies are the principal characteristic of the Touareg. They are tall, more commonly in the neighbourhood of six feet than shorter. They look much taller owing to their flowing robes. When at rest they have little superficial muscular development; their bodies are not corrugated or knobbly like the powerfully built Latin: they are more like Nordic folk in that their limbs and backs are smooth until exerted, when the muscles stand up hard and tough. Their arms and legs are long and shapely and extremely graceful: they never have flaccid or cylindrical limbs like Abyssinians or certain Iberian races. Their bones are small. They have wrists and ankles as slender as a woman's . . . the men never grow fat: they are hard and fit and dry like the nerve of a bow or a spring in tension. Of all their characteristics one I have most vividly in mind is their grace of carriage. The men are born to walk and move as kings, they stride along swiftly and easily, like Princes of the Earth, fearing no man, cringing before none, and consciously superior to other people."

THE women hold a very important place in Touareg society. They are beautiful: sometimes very beautiful. Their dress consists of a long piece of indigo cloth rolled round the body as a skirt and tucked in at the waist. Over their shoulders is a garment which resembles a sleeveless coat, but which is really a small square of light indigo or black stuff with a hole for the head, so that the ends hang down over the back and breast to the level of the waist, with the sides left open; over all they may drape a piece of material cloak-wise. The upper garment is sometimes embroidered with a simple cross-stitch pattern round the neck.

But the Touareg woman is not gifted with the needle nor, except rarely, does she weave, but she plaits mats and makes articles of leather, such as might be used on their camel saddles, one of which you will see in the foreground of my picture. They love jewellery and like to enhance their attractions with ochre face powders and *kohl* (antimony) for their eyes, and dye their fingers and feet with henna. They are strong minded, gifted and intelligent, and play their full share in public life and are often consulted concerning the affairs of their community, and—their advice is often accepted! Many of them act as scribes to the community, by no means an easy job as the Touareg characters are difficult to master and have this peculiarity that they may be written from left to right as in our alphabet, or in reverse as in Arabic, or, alternatively, vertically as in Chinese.

Their reputation for bravery is proverbial and there are many stories of the women leading their men to battle. In an engagement with the French in the Aïr, the women covered their men with their own bodies to prevent the opposing troops from firing. The Touareg warrior himself eschewed the use of bows and arrows and fire-arms, regarding them as ignoble weapons and like the medieval knight relied on his lance and cross-hilted sword.

THE Touareg, although Mohammedans, are monogamous. Divorce is quite easy on either side. Should a man divorce, he is still responsible for the future of his wife unless of course she marries again. And here I might add that Touareg women, unlike their Arab sisters, are allowed to own their own property and dispose of it as they think fit. To our standards the morals of an unmarried Touareg woman, that is to say one who has either not yet found a husband, or who is divorced or a widow, would appear rather shocking, but as a wife she makes a faithful partner and on the whole their marriages are happy. The unmarried state is known as *Azri*, which by Touareg custom allows the young girls, the widows and the divorced women to lead a life of complete freedom.

Every now and again the women who are in a state of *Azri* give parties which are very like those one imagines to have been given for the Courts of Love of King René of Provence in the Middle Ages. There is music, poetry, feasting and amorous dalliance. They will make up extemporaneous poems, extolling the beauty or the valour of such and such a one; and like our ancestors, they like to indulge in riddles and jokes. Many of the women are proficient musicians; their favourite instrument is the *amzad*, a single-stringed violin. Some of their proverbs are delightful. "In the eyes of its mother a beetle is a gazelle," is typical. Their poems show a real poetical sense and an unexpected appreciation of the beauties of nature.

The Touareg are nomads and travel with their flocks from pasturage to pasturage, taking their tents and their families with them. The wealthier women leave the cares of housework to their servants, as in former times they did to their slaves. But the Touareg has always had a reputation for treating his servants well and unlike the oriental taskmaster there is not a vast scale of difference between master and man. The severe life of the desert does not leave much margin and the nobleman's fare is much the same as that of his servant. They live off their flocks, frequently taking them as far south as the Niger, where they can trade their camels and salt for precious commodities such as tea, sugar and indigo, their favourite colour.

The women are responsible, too, for the education of their children. The French have now established schools—not an easy matter when the pupils are ever on the move. But in Tamanrasset, the "capital" of the Hoggar, there are teachers who spend their time following their nomadic pupils from encampment to encampment. Although the schools are primarily for the children, the mothers assist at the classes where they learn to speak and read French.

Are they any less happy, these women of the desert, than their European sisters? Their requirements are simple, though their life is hard. But they are honoured and respected and contribute their full share to the life of their community. The peculiar savage beauty of the desert brings spiritual joys unattainable in our countries. It is a cruel land where the struggle for existence is always predominant: yet paradoxically, it is the ideal place to live in peace. These Touareg are happy, perhaps much happier, than many of us.

END

How Did Your Garden Grow? (*Continued from page 57*)

the landscape tradition towards the end of the eighteenth century, although he was less dictatorial than Brown, and was willing to build restrained formal terraces, vistas, and even admit a few flowers if the style of house called for them.

The eighteenth century ended in heated arguments on the relative merits of the carefully landscaped estate versus the wilder Romantic layout, and from this controversial thicket emerged the Victorian garden whose motto might have been, "Anything Goes," for there were designs for all tastes. Sir Charles Barry, who designed the Houses of Parliament, laid out some stately terraces in the Italian style, while others filled in the open spaces of their eighteenth-century gardens with single conifers, small clumps of shrubs, and geometrical beds of flowers, the whole layout interspered and surrounded by winding paths.

An important Victorian invention was the greenhouse, which led to the system of bedding out which still survives in public gardens and parks. Popular bedding plants were the geranium, lobelia and calceolaria.

Rockeries, too, became vastly popular during the later Victorian period. In 1883 English gardening was revolutionized by William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll. They scorned geometrical flower beds and bright, crude colours, and Miss Jekyll, who was a great admirer of the French Impressionist school, planned her gardens with regard to colour and values, as an Impressionist would paint a picture. She also used "hardy" plants which did away with the bedding-out system, and resulted in the herbaceous border as we know it. Jekyll and Robinson re-discovered old, forgotten flowers in cottage gardens, which had not been seen since Tudor and Stuart days.

During the present century architecture has broken with tradition and gardening, too, is seeking for a new form with which to complement the modern house, but where are the pioneers?

END

Map Novelties (*Continued from page* 33)

pleasantries is the way in which he divided up the country; thus the thirteen northern counties are the clubs, the western are the spades, the eastern are the hearts, and the southern are the diamonds.

Soon, however, a competitor stepped in. W. Redmayne produced a pack in which the suit signs, each placed in the centre of its card, almost obliterate the maps. Perhaps that was Redmayne's way of saying "Keep your eye on the game." The extreme rarity of Morden and Redmayne packs to-day is eloquent testimony of their one-time popularity. The great majority of them would undoubtedly be worn out at the tables while men like the immoral Duke of Buckingham were discussing the Popish Plot of 1678 or the Monmouth Rebellion....

ENGLAND had just survived another rebellion—the "Forty Five"—when along came George Bickham, with his remarkable atlas, *The British Monarchy*. (1749–54). In terms of maps, he is the entertainer *par excellence*. Who, then or now, could possibly resist his range of "birds'-eye-view" maps, which cover the entire country!

The Ordnance Survey came into being with the necessity for road-making, after the Bonnie Prince Charlie affair of 1745, but Bickham, scorning what the times demanded, inveigled Georgian folk into a land of make-believe. To-day we should call him an "escapist." In his hands North Wales becomes a region of enchantment; to be sure there are a few place-names among the hills that recede into the distance, but the dominating feature is a towering rock of impossible proportions which a Walt Disney might envy. Surrey?—a comparatively sober boating scene on the Thames near Westminster Bridge, with a few named features beyond. Lancashire? romantically envisaged through a steep-sided gully flanked with ruined arches. Cheshire?—two shepherds lunching in the foreground are all that seems to matter. Can you wonder that in his accompanying descriptions Bickham refers to Britain as "the True Fortunate Island of the Poets"!

For some unknown reason (probably it was mere caprice) William Green in 1804 produced an atlas which echoed the above-mentioned edition of Ptolemy, only Green took the scheme several stages further. Entitled *Picture of England*, the atlas contains as frontispiece an *inverted* map of England and Wales, that is, a map showing the English Channel at the top of the page and the Scottish Border at the bottom. The other maps are pitched at a variety of crazy angles. Net result, a geographical headache!

A few years later, sportsmen were able to buy a fascinating little book (now extremely scarce) calld *L'Angleterre*, by G. B. Depping. The maps it contains are mere "pegs" on which to drape sporting tokens and trophies such as fish, fowl, game, anchors, etc., and there are realistic backgrounds of rocks, trees and waterfalls.

QUITE a number of maps have novelty value because of the "wishful thinking" they embody. They are railway and canal maps of the early Victorian period which show transport schemes which never came to fruition, either because funds had run out or Parliamentary sanction had been withheld. These maps are the "phantoms" of Dr. Whitaker's collection.

Perhaps the most curious atlas of all in the collection is that published in 1830 by Edward Quin, M.A. George IV had just died. A new era was dawning for Britain and her Empire. Quin evidently felt that the time was ripe for showing mankind how far it had come. And so, by a series of large maps, he demonstrated how the darkness of geographical ignorance had gradually given place to knowledge. His first map represents the Deluge period; all is black but for a small gap in the clouds which reveals the Garden of Eden. In the second map the clouds withdraw a little more to disclose Egypt. Then follow, in ever-widening vistas, the world at known at the time of the Roman Empire, the Empire of Cyrus, and that of Charlemagne, etc. As you reach the last page, mankind has entered fully into his geographical heritage; the clouds of ignorance and fancy are completely banished. You behold a map of the world as it confronts modern man.

END

Pianos Don't Drink

(*Continued from page* 62)

Naturally, after it has arrived in the new home, you will send for the tuner because the tuning may have suffered a little with the moving.

And lastly, *pianos don't drink*. A piano makes a party or a musical evening. There is no greater delight than listening to the accomplished performer, whether it be the works of Jerome Kern or Bartok. But when cups of coffee, or cocktails, are placed on top of the piano (their numbers increase as the evening progresses) and finally one is spilt into the piano, then it is time to give up coffee or insist with inhospitable firmness that your piano is not a milk bar. You cannot wipe away the damage spilt into a pianoforte. The liquid affects the wires and, in the end, spoils the tone; it dampens the felt which can result in sticking keys.

Pianos hate ornaments. Bowls of flowers do look *pretty* reflected in the casing one knows, and photographs and white elephants proudly displayed are rather fun. And a heavily embroidered shawl cast across the top is quite artistic. But—all these things tend to deaden the tone or create unnecessary vibration. A piano is *not* a display counter—nor is it something for languid guests to lean against.

It is the supremely lovely instrument for which Beethoven and other geniuses wrote their immortal works. Your piano deserves more than respect—it is entitled to reverence.

END

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is such a change

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A Motoring Holiday?

(*Continued from page* 16)

in, if repairs are necessary, for there you find the most experienced mechanics.

Except in the big cities like Paris, Brussels or Zürich, agents for British cars do not keep mechanics specially trained to cope with the latest models from the factories they represent.

Certain preparation of the car, and a check-over of the equipment, is wise before starting out on a holiday, no matter where you are going.

Make sure everything is in the tool kit and that you have the necessary items to deal with a puncture.

A flat tyre on a lonely road in Scotland, with no wheel brace aboard, can be just as upsetting as on top of a Swiss Alp.

Wheel nuts greased, battery topped up, chassis lubricated, and all oil levels correct are just as important for a 100-mile run to the sea as a 1,000-mile tour round Europe.

I know of nothing more upsetting to a motoring party than a breakdown on the roadside through some stupid little thing that has been forgotten or neglected.

If it is a family party the children fret, tempers fray, and valuable time is lost.

ALTHOUGH it does not make for great popularity to restrict the amount of luggage the party can stow on the car, it will result in a smoother, happier tour for everyone.

Discourage the habit of "tucking little left-overs" in odd corners. They end in a jumble-sale heap on the floor and invariably manage to hide the most important article in the vehicle.

A sponge bag with soap and towel, sun glasses, spare dusters and a little floor brush add to comfort and cleanliness, and even at the expense of being considered fussy, a quick tidy-up of the car at each stop adds to the serenity of the party.

Invariably someone gets "peckish" on a long car trip and wants to stop for a meal while the other car occupants are prepared to go on for hours. The solution to this situation is to produce some chocolate, fruit or biscuits to restore the faint member to normal without a time-wasting stop.

For those who would just as soon go without a main meal as miss their "elevenses," carry hot tea or coffee in vacuum flasks, and have a five-minute stop by the side of the road.

THAT home holidays are immensely popular is shown by the fact that the A.A. alone issued over 500,000 specially prepared routes for holidays in the British Isles during 1951.

This did not take into account the countless telephone calls inquiring about hotels, ferries, caravan and camping grounds and farmhouse accommodation.

A variety of different types of holidays are possible in this country with a car.

Some people go to the sea, or to inland hotels, and take day trips by car, returning each night to the hotel.

Addresses of farmhouses, camping sites, caravan sites and caravans for hire are supplied by the motoring clubs and many travel agencies.

During the height of the season, July to September, it is prudent to book ahead, if accommodation for more than two is required. But I have made it a rule never to rely on chance in the matter of finding a spare room in a hotel.

Towns like Cheltenham, Stratford-on-Avon, Birmingham and many others are heavily booked all year round, and it is only luck if a hotel can take in a passing motorist who has not previously notified them.

The person who can read a map and navigate for the driver is an addition to any motoring outing.

Women who can understand road signs, calculate distances, and say brightly: "At the speed we are going we'll be there in time for tea," will be regarded by the menfolk of the party as brilliant.

And the drivers who take the time to work out the car's average speed, and keep his—or her—passengers amused by announcing the progress on a trip, will do much to keep the party interested.

One easy way to do this is to set the trip indicator at zero and a watch at twelve. When the watch says one o'clock, jot down the number of miles covered, and so on at each hour.

Invaluable for future motoring holidays is a log book. If each trip is recorded, the mileage, average speed, stops, price of petrol and other incidentals like minor repairs, the cost of meals, valuable information is available when planning next year's holiday.

And if for no other purpose than to bring it out on a cold winter night and relive the motoring holiday of the summer before, the car log with a few hundred, or many thousands of miles recorded, will recall the past happy motoring holiday and help you plan the 1952 one.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 34)

convinced of her guilt. I found this drama of arsenic and old château most gripping.

STRANGE indeed are the quirks of fate that drive one woman to poison and another to pigs, poultry and domestic content. Elizabeth M. Harland is a Norfolk farmwife, busy in home and local affairs, who writes a "Housewife's Journal" for the *Eastern Daily Press*, and now incorporates her day-to-day jottings in **"No Halt at Sunset"** (Benn, 15s.) which countrywomen will find both amusing and helpful. Why not, she asks, a travelling hairdresser for the likes of her?—a tip some enterprising young woman may profit by.

CIRCUS-TIME usually brings us at least one new book on the sawdust ring. Hippisley Coxe's **"A Seat at the Circus"** (Evans, 15s.) is by one who has himself run a cat act and travelled with Mills's Circus. His main object, with explanatory diagrams by John Skeaping, is to provide "something by which you can gauge the difficulty of the feats you witness . . . and compare the great performers of to-day with the famous artistes of the past." Old posters, prints, daybills illustrate a book from which circus-lovers can learn facts new to them, in two centuries of circus history.

BALLET enthusiasts eager for the full story of the 1950 tour which covered about 21,000 miles and thirty-one cities in the U.S. and Canada will find a detailed account in Franklin White's **"Sadler's Wells Ballet Goes Abroad"** (Faber, 25s.) a fine quarto with Bryan Ashridge's on-the-spot photographs. In Denver's rarefied air they had to be dosed with oxygen in the wings!

JAMES LAVER'S biography of Whistler, published in 1930, has long been one of the best of the blue Penguins. In an elegant new edition with twenty-one illustrations—**"Whistler"** (Faber, 25s.)—he consults hitherto unknown letters of George du Maurier and W. H. Hammond's notes on the artist's "bankruptcy" after the Ruskin trial which shed new light on the tactful, generous behaviour of his friend and patron, F. R. Leyland. For the rest, we agree that nothing is lost in the personal legend of the gifted wit and dandy: "the butterfly flits as lightly, the peacock struts as proudly as before."

WHAT a pleasure it is to find a novel urbane, civilized, intelligent, expertly written, which dispenses with worked-up "plot." Stephen McKenna's **"Pearl Wedding"** (Hutchinson, 15s.) is the first-person story of an elderly civil servant and playwright who, on the thirtieth anniversary of his wedding, thinks back over his professional life, his marriage and other loves, and wonders: has he been happy or achieved what he wanted? His half-century of political and social life has brought him into touch with cultivated people who matter, and these are deftly delineated.

ANOTHER distinctive tale is Henry Williamson's **"The Dark Lantern"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), about a suburban clerk with a passion for moth-collecting who falls in love with a girl "above his station," marries her against the father's wishes, is forgiven, and settles into family life. Simple enough. But Mr. Williamson writes with an artist's evocation of late Victorian south-east London and Surrey, a poet's sense of atmosphere, a nature-lover's eye for significant detail. An admirable start to a family saga which is to have sequels.

AS vivid in its way is Ernest Raymond's Chalk Farm *milieu* in **"A Chorus Ending"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). In a private hotel there Mr. Filmer, retired civil servant, meets shy, elderly Miss Piers, who has obviously lived a timid church-committee life and never loved. Probing into local history, he unearths a brutal murder case of long ago in which a Mr. Armidy, a seemingly inoffensive librarian, killed with a hatchet the tyrannical mother of the girl he loved. The girl in the case was, of course. . . . Well, it is no mystery, but the layout of that old crime, and the motives behind it, make a first-rate story.

A WELL-TO-DO girl who marries a dark, handsome film star specializing in gangster parts and discovers that he is also an amateur crook in real life, Satanic and unscrupulous, faces an unusual conflict in L. P. Hartley's **"My Fellow Devils"** (James Barrie, 12s. 6d.). Religion plays a part in a problem—whether or not she should leave him—which is presented with Mr. Hartley's thoughtful, persuasive, literary artifice; but the more melodramatic developments seem to lack conviction.

GEORGE TABORI'S **"The Caravan Passes"** (Boardman, 10s. 6d.) has to be judged by more exotic standards, for it is a suspense story of a ship's surgeon in an Arab port who is called upon to operate on a governor-dictator whom his discontented subjects call "the toad" and wish to see dead. With the governor's life in his hands he becomes the focus of political intrigue, and in the end its victim. An eastern drama Brangwynesque in its hot colouring, with a choice line in native abuse, "son of dung" being the least offensive.

ILKA CHASE tells a sophisticated story of New York's smart literary set, in which husbands and wives have lovers and everyone talks smart, brittle dialogue, in **"New York 22"** (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.). Brilliantly entertaining, but if I had to live with them I'd be wearied to death.

PARISIAN life as lived between the wars by an amorous, unprincipled adventurer who finds redemption by dying in the second is the picaresque theme of Elsa Triolet's **"The White Horse"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), translated by Mervyn Savill; a graphic story in the Leonard Merrick vein with just a faint tincture of Colette.

JOHN PUDNEY, the poet, takes a river holiday in **"Hero of a Summer's Day"** (Bodley Head, 11s. 6d.), which concerns a girl, a cosh-boy on the run, and a Thames pleasure steamer. The crook didn't want to

be reformed by the girl, and I'm not sure I know why Mr. Pudney wanted to write the story, except to give love and crime a try-out on the sylvan reaches of *Three Men in a Boat.*

FICTION

"A Single Lady and Other Stories," by Mary Lavin (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). **"The Mired Horse,"** by Elizabeth D'Oyley (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). **"Rotting Hill,"** by Wyndham Lewis (Methuen, 14s.). **"Pedigree of Honey,"** by Norah C. James (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.). **"Look to Beyond,"** by B. Montagu Scott (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"Prisoner's Base,"** by Mary Mitchell (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). **"The Losing Hazard,"** by N. C. Hunter (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). **"Love is an Eagle,"** by Barbara Cartland (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.). **"The Passing Day,"** by Guy Rawlence (Constable, 10s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Virginia Reel," by Virginia Gilbert (Boardman, 9s. 6d.). **"Classics and Commercials—A Literary Chronicle of the Forties,"** by Edmund Wilson (W. H. Allen, 15s.). **"In the Steps of the Clansmen,"** by James Alan Rennie (Rich & Cowan, 15s.). **"Born Twice,"** by Olga Franklin (Peter Garnett, 10s. 6d.). **"The Truth About the Dionne Quins,"** by Lillian Barker (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). **"Something of My Country,"** by H.R.H. Prince William of Sweden (Hodge, 15s.). **"Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent,"** by Nell Heaton and V. H. Mottram (Faber, 27s. 6d.). **"Westminster Hall,"** by Hilary St. George Saunders (Michael Joseph, 21s.). **"North-West of the World,"** by Olaf Swenson (Robert Hale, 15s.). **"Their Majesties,"** by Hector Bolitho (Max Parrish, 12s. 6d.). **"Stanley Spencer,"** by R. H. Wilenski (Faber Gallery, 9s. 6d.). **"London's River,"** by John Rothenstein and Vincent Turner (Faber Gallery, 9s. 6d.). **"Goya,"** Rodrigo Moynihan (Faber Gallery, 9s. 6d.).

END

The Colonel's Lady

(*Continued from page* 26)

few months to wait, and then the destination turned out to be Egypt.

"At this time of year," David told his wife, "the climate's delightful."

"So I've heard," said Linda, in the cool voice that struck the others as evidence of boredom.

"We shall be stationed near Ismailia. It's a pleasant little town. The De Lesseps Park provides a bit of greenery. And the scarlet bougainvilleas are ablaze in the season."

"Cairo," said Linda, "ought to be exciting."

"You can spend lots of time there, if you want to."

"I do want to."

The regimental wives had a lot to say, privately, about Linda's first year in Egypt. It was before the Trouble, and Cairo offered delight to lovers of luxury. She stayed there for weeks at a stretch, while her husband worked his battalion until it had the precision of one slick, intelligent machine.

The senior captain's wife offered her opinion to Mrs. Second-in-Command.

"I think it's disgusting. Here he is, slaving twice as hard as anybody else. And there she is, gadding about in Cairo and spending his money. Considering he's got that nice bungalow——"

"Turner's a most capable batman."

"Yes, but it's not the same as having a woman in the house."

"David seems quite content," said Mrs. Second-in-Command, trying to be loyal to her husband's loyalty.

"He'd never show any signs, in any case. He's like that. All the same, I think it's a darn shame."

Mrs. Second-in-Command sighed. "She's a strange girl. I don't dislike her, and yet—— Perhaps I don't understand her."

"You're being charitable. She's a silly butterfly."

"I don't know. In some ways she reminds me of David."

"How?"

"He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve. And perhaps she doesn't."

The captain's wife said deedily: "If she had to rough it, she'd crumple. But she'd never rough it. She'd get out, quick." It was not intended as catty gossip. It was her way of sympathizing with a fine soldier who had made one fatal mistake.

The Trouble brewed up pretty quickly, and Linda returned from Cairo at the first stirrings of it. She found an alert battalion taking many precautions.

David said: "They're starting to evacuate families. I doubt if the order will apply here. Protection's simpler than in some spots. But if you'd like to go back to England——"

She pursed her scarlet lips, and to some her laugh might have sounded sardonic. "Putting it in a nice, Victorian way, isn't my place by your side?"

He gave one of those brief, boyish smiles. "I don't want you to go, but it's up to you. If you stay, it means being comparatively cooped up. No more jaunts to Cairo."

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. "I was getting a bit tired of it, anyway."

"If real trouble breaks out here——"

"You've got lots of soldiers," said Linda lightly, and for once he felt a stab of uneasiness. He had never been able to analyse and parse her. That was part of her charm. But for a (*Continued on page* 70)

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brief second he caught himself wondering whether he had made a mistake. Not that he could ever be less than completely in love with her. But because of that he might have seen something in her that existed only in his imagination. He could not be sure, and the thought was frightening.

The senior captain's wife said to Mrs. Second-in-Command: "For his sake, I'm glad she's staying on."

"Yes."

"I wonder how he persuaded her?"

"It might have been her own decision."

"If that's the case, she goes up a peg. But I doubt it. If things get sticky here——"

IT was unlikely. In this area of the Zone plans for protection had been laid carefully. And David's practical efficiency had built up an atmosphere of confidence. The regiment went on bathing in Lake Timsah, and there was cricket in spare time, and tennis, and the slogan appeared to be, business as usual. It might have been the effects of his own self-reliant efficiency that led him into an error. One day, having to do a journey of some thirty miles, he drove his own car, with Linda at his side, and no escort.

On the way back, without any warning, two men popped up from nowhere. One carried a Sten, and the other a rifle. They jumped out upon the road, and let fly at a range of thirty yards. The windscreen shattered, and a splinter ripped Linda's sleeve. At the same time David swung his steering wheel and accelerated straight at them.

The two men had made the mistake of standing together. They tried to leap for it. But a fast car covers thirty yards in a single second. The bonnet smashed into them. The car shuddered, rose, rocked, and hurtled onwards, and David never even took his eyes from the road to look at her until they had covered another half mile. There was a stillness about her, and a whiteness at the corners of her mouth.

He said in a taut voice: "It was our one chance. They meant business. You all right, dear?"

"Yes." He could hear her breathing. "D'you think you've—killed them?"

"It's likely." He laid a hand over hers. "A rotten experience for you."

She said: "Don't worry about me," and took out her compact, and began to powder her face.

He gave her a quick, anxious glance. She was calm, too calm. She was putting on an act. The incident had been startling enough to justify some sort of emotional reaction. Even a woman like Mrs. Hurst would have been unashamed to show her feelings. Linda's calmness was dangerous. It meant that she must be making an immense effort to control herself, and that kind of strain had a breaking point.

Later, describing the episode to Hurst, he said with pride: "My wife didn't turn a hair."

The comments of the regimental wives were various. Mrs. Hurst, for instance, said: "Good for her. She must either have a lot of nerve or a lot of will-power, or else——"

"Or else," said the senior captain's wife, "she was scared into a sort of paralysis. I don't mean that nastily. I just can't believe that she was built to take trouble in her stride."

Mrs. Hurst shrugged. "It's hard to say. She was so calm when I talked to her about it, I couldn't help getting the impression that she was putting on an act. But that," she added generously, "takes some doing."

AS for David, he talked seriously but gently to Linda that night.

"I think you ought to go home."

"Why?"

He took her in his arms. "I'm worried about you. I don't want you to do things merely for my sake. The trouble is, we've always been such friends, we don't really know each other as lovers."

"In other words, you're wondering if I'm up to standard?"

"Linda!"

She laughed, and stroked his hair. "Yes, you are. I don't blame you. I've had those wonderings myself. I still have them. But I'm not going to run away. That would confirm the regimental opinion of me."

"What!"

She said: "Don't look like that, Day. I know what's being said. It isn't their fault. They're doubtful about me, and so are you, and so am I."

He tried to protest, and she put a hand over his mouth. "Let's be honest, and leave it at that. Anyway, I'm staying."

It turned out that one of the two men killed by the car was none other than Hussein Faraja, a paid agitator, and leader of a particularly vicious set, the kind that springs up in any country when major trouble stalks the land.

Hurst said uneasily: "His crowd will be out after you for this, sir. You'll have to be careful."

David smiled and nodded. "I will."

"They're an ugly crew. They've got a dozen assassinations to their credit."

David smiled again. "I'm taking no unnecessary risks. I'll be very careful."

AS is the method of terrorists, the attempt was made in the most unpredictable circumstances. One brilliant evening, about five, he was sitting in the bungalow with Linda. They shared a bulky, ancient couch, property of a previous occupier. It took up half of one wall of the room, and faced a window that looked out across fifty yards of dustiness towards the men's canteen. To the left were French windows that gave access to a small garden. Linda had covered these with heavy curtains, because the open ground beyond the garden sloped upwards, and passing troops could stare straight into the room. The long curtains were drawn across as a screen, though she had left the windows open to admit a lazy current of air.

It was very quiet. Turner, the batman, had gone over to the canteen to play in a darts competition. He would not be back until six. David was checking up on the details of a training scheme submitted by Hurst. Linda idly turned the pages of a magazine on her lap. The sun blazed at them through the window opposite, and high in the distant sky drifted a speck that was a vulture.

The stuttering of a motor bike crept into the silence, and grew louder. David heard the machine draw up close by, and thought little more about it. It would be a dispatch rider with another sheaf of stuff for the orderly room. He continued his study of Hurst's notes. Weighing up one of the pencilled suggestions, he raised his head thoughtfully, and by sheer chance happened to glance to his left.

He saw the heavy curtains stir slightly. He saw something else. Beneath the hem of the curtain was an ammunition boot. The toe was turned up a little, showing a glimpse of a rubber sole. It meant that the foot inside that boot belonged to no soldier. He knew instantly, then, that the hour had come.

In the queerly timeless fashion of crisis, he pictured every detail of what had happened. A man dressed as a dispatch rider had driven through without challenge. Somehow the best sentries on the alert seemed to fall down over that one precaution. They would hold up anybody and everybody, with particular joy if it happened to be a general, and check up on the identity. But for some peculiar reason, the D.R.L.S. was sacrosanct. A man on a motor bike, with a blue and white brassard on his arm, invariably chugged past unchallenged, with a cheerful grin from the sentry.

THE wearer of that boot had parked his motor bike, slipped through the garden gate, and was waiting behind the curtains to make his leap. He would use a knife if he could, for that meant silence, and a chance to rush back to the bike and make his getaway. He would only use a gun if he decided that the distance was too great for one certain, killing leap.

David watched the boot. It was eight feet away. Between himself and its wearer sat Linda, smiling at some picture in her magazine.

His first decision was to rush the curtains. What checked him was the fear that, firing wildly, the man might hit Linda. The thought of that brought a dampness to his upper lip. No, he must keep still, and work out some other course. The slightest movement by him would put her in danger.

If only he had been sitting on the other side of her. He imagined the splitting bark of the gun, and her slender loveliness sliding to the floor.

No use shouting. The nearest troops were in the canteen. No use banking on outside help. Whatever was done would have to be done by himself, and to make sure of Linda's safety, he had got to warn her. But how? If the gunman understood English——

Linda glanced up from the magazine. There was a smiling sheen in her dark-grey eyes.

"You look very solemn, Day."

He said lightly: "I always look solemn when I'm thinking."

"A penny for them."

Had that boot stirred an inch? He could not be positive. Was the man flexing himself to spring?

"A penny for them," she repeated invitingly. Something in her expression recalled the old days when he was a sizeable schoolboy and she a tiny child. And out of that rose an idea that gave a glimmer of hope.

He said: "I was thinking of the time when I used to spend my holidays with you."

She laughed. "Kids are funny. When I was eight, I was quite ready to die for you. She wrinkled her nose provocatively. "Wonder whether I would be now?"

He said: "Have you forgotten the family language?"

"Course not. I don't know whether we invented it, or whether we got it from somebody else, but we were immensely proud of it."

"I challenge you. Come on. Let's have a sample."

LAUGHING, she spoke one short sentence that would have been double Dutch to the uninitiated. Yet the trick of the thing was quite simple. Their family language had consisted of spelling out words, a letter at a time, keeping the vowels unchanged, but doubling the consonants and inserting a short *u* between them. Thus the word dog would be pronounced *dud-o-gug*.

He said: "I've got it. But we'll have to go slowly. I'm not as quick at it as you. Listen."

His left hand pressed warningly on her right knee. In the family language he said:

"Keep looking at me. Don't turn your head. There's somebody behind the curtains."

Her eyes questioned his, and read the truth. He saw a stirring in her throat, and he smiled at her beseechingly, and his heart was in that smile. He went on spelling out the words as if highly amused by the game.

"One of the Faraja gang. He'll either jump in with a knife, or fire. You're in his way. So get up casually and cross to the book-case. It'll give him a chance—and me."

Her lips stirred. "No."

"You must. Don't you see? He won't wait much longer."

She took out her compact, and began to powder her face. Her fingers were stiff, but steady. She was looking out through the window towards the canteen. She went on powdering as if her life depended on it, on and on, and he was afraid that crisis had numbed her power of thought.

"Go across to the book-case. You must. I'm going to make a dive at the curtains."

She took no notice, but went on powdering, and playing with her compact with jerky, nervous gestures.

Groping desperately for a line of action, he debated whether to thrust her down, under

the protection of the far arm of the couch, and at the same time leap for the curtains. The movement was bound to draw a bullet. But it might well pass above her. Yet the dread of her being hit kept him hesitant.

The only other course was to get up and walk into the middle of the room, and present himself as a deliberate target. That would be the best way. It would keep her safe.

She must have divined his thoughts. In the family language she was spelling out: "Stay where you are." Her voice had a distant, ghostly effect, as though it scarcely belonged to her. Her hands, fiddling with the compact, were making aimless, jerky movements.

He said abruptly, in plain English: "I want a cigarette." A box of them stood on a table in the opposite corner. He braced himself, and in the act of rising from the couch, felt her right hand close on his elbow and give a snatching jerk. It caught him before he was above his point of balance, and he was pulled back on the couch by her side.

His left eye glanced towards the boot beneath the curtain. It had changed position slightly. The wearer of it would not wait much longer. That was certain. He would shoot, and run.

DAVID made his decision. It was no use relying on Linda. That aimless fiddling with the compact proved that panic had sapped her ability to get a grip of herself. He would have to slip his arm suddenly behind her waist, and throw her on the floor, out of harm's way, please God, and fling himself at the curtains. It would be better to go for the legs. In that low, flying tackle he might stand more chance of escaping the first bullet.

From outside came a mild, wooden click. It was the sound of the side gate in the garden. It could be only Turner, coming back unexpectedly early. The gunman must have heard it, and he would have to fire now or never.

As the curtains stirred, David's left arm took Linda violently in the small of the back and hurled her off the couch, face downwards on the floor. In the same instant he dived at the curtains, and a gun ·ared, and a bullet smacked into the wall. His hands closed on legs, nd a second report nearly deafened him, and the nearness of the lead· corched his cheek. That shot coincided with a rush of heavy feet beyond, followed by a fleshy thud. The legs he was holding gave way, nd the curtains parted, and the gunman fell across him into the room, id lay there limply.

Wide-eyed, and sucking bruised knuckles, Turner was standing tween the open windows.

'Slap on the point, sir," he said. "Gave him his *imshi*, the basket! ied to do you in, eh?"

David nodded. Linda was getting to her feet. Turner picked up fallen revolver, and prodded the limp gunman with his toe.

He'll be quiet for a bit. Dressed as a D.R., too, the dirty dog."

glanced at Linda. "You all right, Ma'am?"

'Yes," said Linda.

.. was brave of her to say so, thought David, but far from true. w could she be all right considering that in these last few minutes—

David said: "Tell me, Turner, what brought you back early—in it novelists might call the nick of time?"

Turner seemed surprised. "The flicking, sir. The S.O.S. When it t on flashing on the canteen window, we thought it was someone ing. And then when I saw where it was coming from——"

What on earth are you talking about?"

This," said Linda. She caught the sun in the mirror of her com- t, and set it winking towards the canteen.

David went up to her and took her in his arms. "My dear," he said mbly, "you're very wonderful." Then he glanced at his batman. ill that be the opinion of the battalion, Turner?"

urner grinned. "Flaming certain, sir," he said respectfully.

END

Wilkie Collins (*Continued from page* 28)

such are the ways of chance that Collins's life-story would probably still be unwritten had not its author, Kenneth Robinson, picked up *The Woman in White* to while away a wartime convalescence in a Bombay hospital.

With this and several other of Collins's novels as his bedside reading, Kenneth Robinson developed a curiosity about their Victorian author which he found hard to satisfy from the scanty information available. So when he returned to England he himself laudably took on the task of writing what he decided was a much-wanted biography. Ranging far and wide for scattered and elusive data, he has produced a story that fills a gap in the colourful picture of Victorian literary life like one of the missing pieces in a jigsaw puzzle.

Born in 1824, Wilkie Collins entered a family tradition of painting rather than writing. His father and godfather (after whom he was named) were artists and his younger brother became one. But in 1848, when he produced a biography of his father, Wilkie made it clear that writing was to be his career. This was after he had left the high stool of a clerk in the tea business to study law, which he soon found, on being called to the Bar in 1846, made little appeal to him.

With the appearance in 1850 of his first novel, *Antonina* (inspired by an early visit to Italy) Collins was launched on the literary career during which, in some forty years, he wrote over thirty books (best known of which are *The Woman in White*, 1860; *No Name*, 1862; and *The Moonstone*, 1868), and a dozen plays. In 1851 he met Dickens, then aged thirty-nine and at the top of his (*Continued on page* 72)

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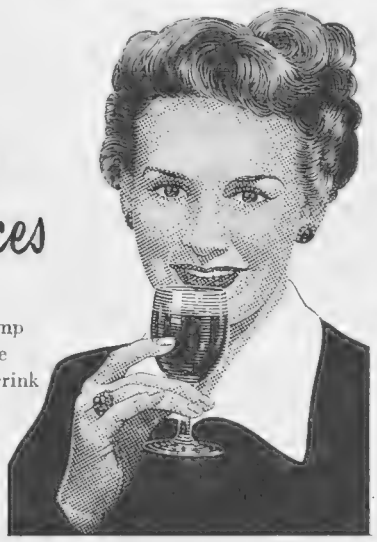

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fame, and there followed a friendship in which Collins ousted Forster from his place as Dickens's closest intimate, and a working association, valuable to both, that lasted until Dickens's death in 1870.

Though the earlier brilliance of his closely plotted tales began to decline in the seventies, a newspaper ballot held as late as 1884 showed Collins to be still Britain's most popular author. Yet when he died five years later he left only £11,000.

To the bare bones of the facts already known Mr. Robinson has now added enough flesh and blood to make Wilkie Collins look like a real person. This plump, smallish fellow with the mild, spectacled features dominated by an oddly bulging brow and later half-hidden by a formidable beard emerges as companionable, kindly and unconventional; a man who worked hard and enjoyed life. Yet as regards one aspect of him he still remains something of an enigma—that is, his long and strangely conducted association with the lady known as Mrs. Graves.

AS a young man Collins probably had his romantic experiences—those "intimacies" to which the *Dictionary of National Biography* rather ambiguously refers. But when he was thirty-five and seemingly a confirmed bachelor he formed an attachment with a married woman ten years his junior, which greatly influenced his life and about which he remained steadfastly and discreetly silent to all but his closest friends.

It began with a queerly dramatic encounter. One summer evening in 1859 Wilkie and his brother Charles were accompanying Millais, the artist, back to his house in Gower Street after he had dined with them at Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, when suddenly they were startled by a shriek from a near-by house and the appearance of—in Millais's words—"a young and very beautiful woman" dressed in white and obviously terrified. She darted off and Wilkie, his curiosity and chivalrous instincts aroused, followed her into the darkness; and his companions saw him no more that night.

On his return next day he was rather quiet about the episode, but it seemed that he had caught up with the lady in distress and extracted from her a woeful tale of imprisonment and maltreatment by a villain in a Regent's Park villa, and of final desperate escape. While it was obvious that the fair fugitive and her plight had impressed Collins, his friends could not have guessed that he would fall head over heels in love with her. Yet this is what happened.

And it was no passing affair. Mrs. Caroline Graves—for this was the lady's name—thereupon became Wilkie Collins's close companion and remained so, except for one very curious break, until his death in 1889. (Who Mr. Graves was and what happened to him is a mystery, but there was one daughter of that union, whom Collins adopted.)

They lived together at various London addresses, maintaining a strange private existence which Collins closely concealed from all but intimates like Dickens, Ward the artist and his brother Charles. Yet despite this fitting concession to Victorian propriety, from 1866 onwards Collins publicly and with odd inconsistency linked Mrs. Graves's name with his in the London G.P.O. directory, in which she appeared first as a tenant of his house and later, at another address, as joint occupant.

Married in all but name, with their liaison studiously veiled yet clearly suggested to the world, Collins and Mrs. Graves appeared to enjoy a happy partnership throughout most of those thirty years. But what is one to make of that interlude in which Mrs. Graves suddenly went off in 1868 and married a Mr. Clow, staying with him some five years? And what of Collins's five-year attachment, at about the same time, to a Martha Rudd or Mrs. Dawson, by whom he had three children—his "morganatic family," as he called it? If Collins took up with Mrs. Dawson—as well he may—because of his desertion by Mrs. Graves, there is still to be explained the latter's marriage to Clow.

HOWEVER, this double deviation did not permanently affect the relations of Wilkie and Caroline; for by about 1875 they were re-united and remained together, living contentedly in Gloucester Place until his death in 1889.

This much of the strange private life of Wilkie Collins has come to light, largely through the patient researches of his biographer; and much, no doubt, remains undiscovered because no record of it survives. Being the background to some thirty years of his career it must have coloured his work one way or another. Certainly its very opening episode, that first, nocturnal meeting with Mrs. Graves in 1859, has gone straight into the beginning of *The Woman in White*, which started to appear serially later the same year.

The parallel must be more than coincidence: replace Wilkie Collins and his companions with Walter Hartright the young drawing-master, exchange the white-clad Caroline Graves for the white-clad Anne Catherick, substitute a suburban lane near Hampstead for a road in Regent's Park, and Collins's own eerie experience provides the suspense-filled opening to that capital story.

It has been suggested that this meeting with Caroline Graves—the original Woman in White—actually gave Collins the idea for his tale. But it seems that he stumbled on the basic theme in a book he bought in Paris in 1856 which described a French lawsuit of fifty years before, a notorious case in which a young heiress was drugged, kidnapped and imprisoned by her brother, who coveted her share of the family fortune.

Nevertheless the Regent's Park episode, so thinly disguised, helped enormously in the successful launching of *The Woman in White*. After the very first instalment the circulation of *All the Year Round*, in which it came out weekly, began to grow; and the increase continued steadily. The unfolding of the story's ingenious plot was eagerly followed and the next episode impatiently awaited by thousands of readers. Collins was immensely heartened by the wonderful reception, but he did not conceal his relief at being able, in July, 1860, to lay down his pen after writing nearly 500 pages.

Though Wilkie Collins wrote some dozen more novels none surpassed *The Woman in White* for suspense and good story-telling. For posterity this romantic thriller has a special interest because of its connection with his private life—that part of himself which he guarded so carefully from the outside world and even from his intimates. His biographer notes this reticence which, coupled with the almost entire absence of information about him in the records of his contemporaries, has made the writing of his biography a harder task than it might have been. Nevertheless, the portrait is skilfully drawn—and it is certainly the closest likeness we are ever likely to get to the real Wilkie Collins.

END

The Time-table Of Fashion

(*Continued from page 20*)

The date of the unveiling to these privileged men and women is fixed for the end of January.

For years, ever since London emerged as a potential rival to Paris, there has been some jockeying over these dates. At the moment London comes first, with the buyers moving on to the French capital afterwards.

Now money comes into it.

Various arrangements are made, but usually a buyer from a firm who has not bought before gets his first visit free, and then afterwards he pays a fifty guinea entrance fee payable if he buys nothing.

These "exports collections" are very secret affairs. New designs are a matter of £.s.d. to the house which presents them, and literally locked doors are not unknown in the ten Mayfair establishments where the models are shown for the first time in an atmosphere of orchidaceous hospitality.

IMAGINE a couple of score of rather worldly-wise people seated in a salon on gilt chairs with one eye on the curtains about to part on "Summer Madness" and the other on the women in New York, Chicago, Montreal, Johannesburg, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and Sydney whose interests they represent.

The mannequin slides about, strides up and down the floor a few times and disappears. The buyers make a note on their programme.

Then, with tea and champagne, the showing is over. One buyer wants No. 52 (no mention of the frivolous nicknames for these folk) and Nos. 64, 13 and 20. He pays for an advance copy of the model he buys anything from 75 guineas to 150 guineas. Sometimes much more.

The model is sent back to his firm by aeroplane and is copied, usually about half-a-dozen times at first; and, if it happens to be something of topical interest, may pass into the world of mass-production and be sold by the score of thousand before many weeks are out.

Meantime, the Mayfair firm settles down and improves its collection further, perhaps developing a trend—and even, although this may be libellous—keeping a close ear to whispers from Paris.

Then comes the first public showing at the end of February.

THIS is when celebrities jostle each other during the week of mornings and afternoons for which members of the "Big Ten" of Mayfair dress designers ballot for order of showing.

Seventy-five guineas for this suit; a hundred guineas for that one; sometimes as much as three hundred guineas.

How are such charges made up?

This is naturally a trade secret of each big fashion house, but the following costing gives an idea of what a "luxury" costs.

	£
MATERIALS	25
WORKROOM CHARGES	15
OVERHEADS	10
	£50

Double it for profit and you get a hundred-guinea dress by a celebrated designer, after you have also paid the 33⅓ per cent tax. It will probably be a cocktail frock at that price, and something that can be worn from the February, when it is bought, on for several months.

It is a collection of models anticipating what will be worn up to next Ascot which is now on the way to Mombasa to be picked up by Princess Elizabeth on the next step of her journey.

Yet after all, this is but the cream on the top of the British fashion picture, admirable as it may be when compared with conditions twenty years ago, before the day of two young Irishmen—Edward Molineux and Digby Morton—and the ex-Cambridge rugger player who is Norman Hartnell.

The other side of the dress world is concerned with the making of cheap clothes, now being exported to many countries overseas—and even to Paris.

This is the industry which reflects woman's full entrance into the working life of the country, which caters to a clientèle spending quite as much as £10 million a week,

and employs, in one way or another, some two million workers.

The "cheap" dress firms also have their Mayfair salons for buyers, indistinguishable from the *haute couture's* in their lush appearance, except possibly that there is more champagne in the wholesale salons.

Most of the "Big Ten" designers, notably Hartnell, do extra designs for leading wholesale firms. Other firms just follow the Paris and London "trend" as closely and quickly as they can for the price.

Although the selling salons of these wholesale firms are conducted so lavishly, behind the scenes it is a matter of a penny-three-farthings here and twopence-ha'penny there.

As one wholesaler said, a workgirl who spills oil on a reel of cotton might as well chuck the dress away, because she has already chucked away the profit.

Yet, in proportion, the cost of making a dress is much the same as with their expensive sisters. Here is one budget :

	£	s.	d.
MATERIALS	3	10	0
WORKMAN CHARGES ..	2	0	0
OVERHEADS	1	0	0
PROFIT		6	0
	£6	16	0

The profit may be only six shillings, but thousands of this model may be turned out in a day. (And made in ten minutes.) In the case of the *haute couture*, it may take weeks of fittings before the dress is finished.

It is a fact that in the three days pause before she flew to Canada last autumn, Princess Elizabeth chose the first designs for her next round of duty, and her first fitting was only five days after her return from Canada.

Fashion is a hard task-master.

It remains entirely in masculine hands. The "little-woman-round-the-corner-who-is-so-clever-with-her-needle" has been supplanted in just a few years by a huge industry, and at the top not the stuffy Court dressmakers of yesterday with their bowing "yes, modoms," but some genuine artists.

The drawing-rooms of the former mansions of Mayfair are still the haunts of fashion—*and wealth.*

END

Handmade For Tailor-mades

(*Continued from page* 50)

FRONT

Work as for back until beg. of the 11th dec. row when dummy pockets are inserted. Work 6 pocket pieces as follows : Cast on 38 sts. and work 5 rows in st.st. End k. row. Return to main piece and k. 56, cast off 38, k. 20, k. 3 tog., k. 21, cast off 38, k. to end, inc. 1 st. in end st. **Next row.**—P. 56, p. across 38 sts. of 1 pocket, p. 43, then p. across 2nd pocket and p. to end, inc. 1 st. in end st. Continue as for back, inserting 2 more pockets on the 26th dec. row as described, and again on the 41st row as follows : cast off 2 sts., k. 39, cast off 38, k. 20, k. 3 tog., k. 21, cast off 38, k. to end. **Next row.**—Cast off 2 sts., p. to end, joining on pockets as before. Work until beg. of 58th dec. row when neck shaping begins as follows :

NECK

1st row.—Cast off 2 sts., k. 37, cast off 5 sts., k. 3, k. 3 tog., k. 9, turn. **2nd row.**—Cast off 5 purlwise, p. 8, turn. **3rd row.**—Cast off, taking 3 middle sts. tog. as usual. Break off wool. Join wool to neck edge and work right shoulder as follows : cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows at neck edge, continuing shoulder shaping as usual then cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row at same edge, then 2 sts. at beg. of every row until all sts. are cast off. Join wool to neck edge of other shoulder and work to match.

WELTS

With No. 14 needles, and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 140 sts. evenly along bottom of front and work 56 rows in rib as follows : **1st row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. K. 1. **2nd row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. K. 1 (k. into back of all k. sts. except end sts.). Cast off loosely in rib. Repeat same on back.

POCKET FLAPS

With No. 14 needles, cast on 57 sts. and work in rib for 18 rows, as follows : **1st row.**—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end. P. 1. **2nd row.**—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. K. 1 (k. into back of all k. sts. except end sts.). Cast off loosely in rib.

SLEEVE CUFFS

With No. 14 needles, cast on 180 sts. and work 18 rows in rib as for welts. Cast off in rib loosely.

COLLARS

With No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. **1st row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. K. 1. **2nd row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. K. 1 (k. into back of k. sts. except end sts.). Repeat these 2 rows, inc. 1 st. at end of every 4th row until there are 108 sts. and 37 rows. Cast off in rib loosely. Work another collar as described but inc. 1 st. at end of the 3rd row (on wrong side of work) and every following 4th row.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly under a damp cloth with fairly hot iron (but press all ribbing under a dry cloth). Sew pocket pieces down on inside. Sew flaps neatly to outside, turn down and press. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew collar pieces to inside of neck, turn over and press. Sew in zip fastener, and sew cuffs to inside of sleeves, turn over and press.

END

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A Crisis For Paris Models (*Continued from page 13*)

charges and to a five per cent salary tax? Do they reflect that their labour is the fruit of enterprise so private that a season's balance sheet will turn on the single brain-child of one man?

The *cousettes* have good reason to think on such things when houses close down, as forty per cent of the total number of Paris dressmakers, including smaller establishments, have done in the past two years, for they are the first to see the streets in droves. Piguet's curtain on the Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées threw 400 more fashion workers on an over-crowded market. What the passings of Molyneux and Lelong brought, was not stated.

Rents and the cost of materials are other prime causes of the crisis which has hit French fashion houses.

IF they are to succeed, firms must have addresses in specific neighbourhoods, and the trouble is that these are apt to change as whims of fashion, too! The reign of the rue de la Paix, just about as long as Victoria's, was exceptional. It began when Mr. Worth of London set his seal on the street under the Second Empire, and continued down to the mid 1930s, by which time the "Paix" had lost too much of its distinction and personality amid the accursed hurly-burly of the Opera quarter.

The faubourg Saint-Honoré challenged, and a hard battle set in, which was to last fifteen years. This meant rising rents as prestige firms moved into the new enclave, or as those already established there had to come to fresh terms in order to stay. It meant a rarefied letting and selling of premises. No cinemas, no one-price stores, no butchers —or indeed any tradespeople foreign to Fashion. No modern advertising, no neon lighting. All of which meant that leading fashion houses were expected to shell out—and out. For that is what a "street war defensive" implies.

The currently enthroned Faubourg is nervous lest it lose its supremacy much more quickly than did the "Paix." For challenges have already been discerned from three different quarters: the Champs-Élysées, the Madeleine-rue Tronchet, and the avénue Victor Hugo, off the Arc de Triomphe. The two first are not thought likely to oust the Faubourg, each being frequented by too varied a public. But it's different with the Victor Hugo, so "young," so chic withal, so virginally available for Fashion's sole descent.

THE gnawing fact is that fashion houses cannot be positive that the premises into which they put so much money, will be still in the swim, geographically, five, six, seven years on.

As the cost of stuffs and fabrics goes up year by year, one would think the masters of Paris fashions capable of designing with a close fist on the amount of material to go into each model. But some strange devil prompts them to do the contrary. From the day Dior introduced his billowing New Look, trends have on the whole demanded not less material, but more. Even in depicting the present crisis, M. Raymond Barbas, director of the Paris Fashion Association, had to admit it. Nevertheless, the fact obtrudes that Paris fashion houses have failed to trace an economic pattern for their future. Upon whom, exactly, do they intend to rely in first case?

Which clientèle do they propose to keep uppermost in mind?

The quite restricted clientèle de luxe with incomes of £4,000 to £5,000 a year? The kind of people, of whose womenfolk Miss Nancy Mitford writes: "The fact is that elegance in Paris is confined to a small group of women who are seldom seen in public and never on the street"?

The American market?

A democratized, or vulgarized market throughout France and such other countries as will bite?

Some masters are trying a blend of all three —and are tying themselves in knots for their pains. The trouble being, that what one does for the U.S.A. may prejudice one's striving to satisfy the domestic clientèle de luxe, and that the latter suffers further inroads on its dearly bought exclusivity by any vulgarization of Paris models of *cachet* within France herself.

A surprising feature at the U.N. Assembly in Paris has been the mannequin parade. These daily shows on the strength of ordinary visitors' tickets were a shrewd stroke by worried dressmakers. They knew that hundreds of rich Latin American and Middle East delegates had brought their wives with them to Paris. They also knew that the wives played an important part in ordering U.N.'s move from Lake Success to Paris. They wanted Paris clothes and they were determined to get them. So what more natural than that they should study the dresses in the corridors of the Assembly?

Well, those mannequins whose mincing gait and aloof stares, sylph-like figures and extravagant brand-new clothes, set them aside from even the already exotic collection of U.N. visitors, are in some measure ghosting for that unseen elegance of the surviving salons.

SUPPOSING Paris fashion houses went all out for the U.S. dollar, leaving the rest subsidiary? They wouldn't be the first in industry to do so.

Say rather—supposing it could be done in these wideawake times, for it can't any longer. Not only has American big business got wise as to how Paris models can be sausaged out with only an insignificant time-lag, but the French export houses have cut the ground from under their own feet by coming down to dressing stenographers in America. Briefly, twice a year Dior and Fath cross to the States to present summer and winter collections, when their creations sell at from 30 to 50 dollars. A New York typist-secretary earning $200 a month can and does afford three or four a year. And not only that. By a much more extraordinary development, New York and California dress centres are selling Paris models not only to Americans galore but in many parts of the world.

The inspiration, designs, colours, are acquired from Paris—actually they are rushed over by aeroplane—and enormous stocks of relevant material are laid in. All the delightful and painstaking old French methods are discarded for confection on mass production lines. Models are turned out in twelve different sizes and they might have stepped off the . . . well, perhaps not quite the Faubourg, but somewhere not far off.

Only—they must not step off too quickly. That is *most* important; in fact it's the crux of the business. A fine gown created uniquely for the wearer sells in America at the same figure as in France: $800. But the same dress mass produced in quite a careful manner will cost only $15 two months later. Was there ever so high a figure placed on nine weeks of life?

Of course Paris *haute couture* cashes in on this. It reaches a vast market which it would otherwise never reach at all. Yet few on the inside can be happy about the way in which the Parisian dressmaking genius is being lavished, if not squandered. Something has quite definitely not yet been solved and there may not be an awful lot of time left, in which to do it.

A THREAT from another quarter, this time at home, is to be seen in the pressure on the fashion temples of taste and fastidiousness at the instance of textile and fabric manufacturers who want to move away from the dual reign of *haute couture* and of the small dressmaker who dresses the woman in the street.

This "money-power" holds that the former doesn't "democratize" enough, thereby depriving the cloth and fabric factories of much custom that is there for the asking and that the latter's methods are so archaic as to waste endless hours suiting a client with one dress when three clients could be suited with three dresses by up-to-date means.

It would be a pity if the small dressmaker were squashed out of business. Many consider that *if* the average Frenchwoman is better turned out than her European neighbours, she has to thank the infinite care of the small dressmaker.

It would be a pity, too, if Paris fashion houses should be unable to order their affairs so as to maintain their dispensing hand. Fashion, as they have wrought it, is more than a mere frivolity. It is a comment on current life, the immediate expression of our time in line, form and colour.

Is it so surprising that a Frenchman will ask about the Dior collection, as he would about a first night, or a film première? He wants to be in the swim. He wants to know what his lady is going to look like . . . sometimes so that he may pass it on to his "little friend." And has it struck our males that money is also to be made by intelligently absorbing fashion trends?

The Frenchman knows that, too. He knows that stocks and shares will be affected by the fluctuating sales of materials. And so, whether Madame will be using much wool this season; whether she will dress in pure silk, or is rayon holding its own; whether there is to be a vogue in fur trimming; timely knowledge of the answers to such questions can help pay for Madame's latest piece of foolishness.

END

Licence To Build (*Continued from page 43*)

at the same demolition sale, except one which my husband made from a pair of antique piano candlesticks, picked up in a junk shop for half-a-crown!

BY such economies, and by omitting all cupboards and shelves and erecting them later from second-hand timber, we kept within our building-licence figure and were able to concentrate on expensive fittings elsewhere.

With ingenuity, therefore, and a clever architect, we kept well within the maximum limit of 1,500 feet super, actually building to 1,465 feet. This included three bedrooms, bathroom and a roomy landing on the first floor, with lounge, study, dining-room, and kitchen on the ground floor—also an attractive hall, with cloakroom leading off it. We omitted a garage in order to use all available space in the house, erecting a sectional garage later in a corner of the garden.

Being sited upon a slope there is room beneath the south wing for a garden room, or games room, to be added in the future, with an area of sixteen feet by seventeen, matching lounge and principal bedroom above.

All this was achieved when restrictions were more drastic than now. The more recent policy of encouraging the use of expensive substitutes for scarce materials, such as Colonial hardwood, and the increase of private licences from ten per cent to fifty per cent, the dice are more loaded in your favour if you contemplate doing what we did.

But, as one woman to another, I'll give you a tip. The most valuable asset you can find is a handy husband.

END

Duel For A Lady

(*Continued from page* 19)

"Pity we can't get back to camp to-night," Jim shouted above the noise of the ever-present icy wind which bit through their heavy clothing.

"What's the hurry?" Elliott yelled back. "Even if the *Snowbird's* early they'll wait for us."

Both men knew that to attempt the double journey without a night's rest would be foolhardy in the extreme. They would have to be patient. Strange, unexpected things happened to men who overtaxed their strength in that part of the world.

They fed the dogs then cooked their meal as the wind increased in fury outside the little tent. It was tolerably warm round the little stove as they lay huddled in their sleeping bags after they had eaten.

Jim Kendall stretched luxuriously then smiled across at his friend.

"Gosh, I can hardly believe it's true! To-morrow—the next day perhaps—we'll be leaving this God-forsaken country."

Elliott tried to hold the words in but it was useless. He saw Jim's eyes widen as he listened:

"Why are you so sure you're going home?" His voice was high, rather shrill. "Hasn't it occurred to you that you might be staying here—for ever?"

"For ever! What do you mean, Frank? Aren't you feeling all right?"

The concern in the other's voice maddened Elliott:

"You smug fool! Did you really think I'd let you get away with it? I'm not made of ice. I'm warm flesh and blood like other men. I love Beryl. She's mine—not yours, you—you——"

Words failed him. Kendall shook his head. He leaned on one elbow and eyed his companion compassionately.

"Frank, I'm sorry it's like this! Once or twice lately I've wondered why you've changed so. Now I know. I'm sorry, old man!"

"Sorry! Why should you be sorry?" Elliott laughed shrilly. "With you out of the way Beryl will be glad enough to have me. I'll go back to England—and we'll be married."

HE knew from the look in Kendall's eyes that his friend thought he was mad. Before Jim could speak he said:

"I meant to kill you when we came back to the tent with the specimens. It would have been easy. No one would have questioned my story when I returned to camp. But—well, I couldn't shoot you down in cold blood."

For a moment Kendall's eyes flickered towards the two rifles. But they were much nearer to Elliott than they were to him.

Elliott leaned forward. His voice, low, intense, seemed a part of the wind crying eerily round the tent.

"We're going to fight a duel, Jim! A duel for a lady! You will take your rifle and I'll take mine. Then we'll leave the tent. There's not much cover but it's the same for both of us. Then—we'll fight it out."

"But—it's crazy!" For the first time Kendall seemed to realize that Elliott was serious. "Frank, old chap, you don't know what you're saying. This confounded country has upset you. Lie down and go to sleep."

For reply Elliott stretched out his hand for one of the rifles. He looked across at Kendall again. His eyes were bleak.

"I meant every word I said. If you don't do as I say I'll shoot you where you sit—I swear I will. Then I'll bury you and go back to the camp. Nobody will bother to find out if my story about an accident's true. We've been friends too long for anyone ever to suspect that I'd murder you."

Kendall held out his hand as if even now he could not believe that Elliott was serious.

"Frank, old chap. I'd no idea you loved Beryl," he said gently. "But—well, it's me she cares for. Can't you get used to the idea?"

Elliott shook his head passionately.

"I'll never get used to it. That's why it's got to be you or me. If you kill me—well, I shan't care for I don't want to live without Beryl. But if I kill you Beryl will marry me."

"You're pretty sure!"

Elliott took the rifles and stood up.

"Come on!" he said curtly, and opening the flap of the tent, he stepped out into the biting, windy cold of the eternal day outside.

KENDALL followed. Into his brown, kindly eyes had come a hard, determined glint. He took the rifle Elliott held out without another word.

"In three minutes from now I shall be shooting to kill." Elliott shouted above the noise of the wind. "Get moving!"

Kendall glanced at the other's rifle, knew that it would be suicide to make a grab for it in the hope of disarming Elliott, and looked round.

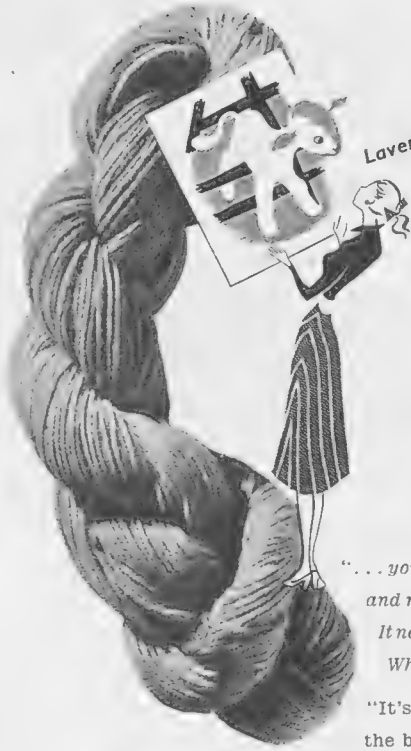
The tent had been erected at the foot of the scree with two huge boulders screening it from the full fury of the wind. Other boulders were scattered at intervals of a few yards, so that there was cover in plenty.

"You've two and a half minutes left," Elliott yelled, and suddenly Kendall moved.

Bent double he ran swiftly to a nearby rock and crouched behind it. Elliott ran a few yards up the scree going to ground behind a cluster of smaller rocks.

Ordinarily that would have led to stalemate unless one of the duellists moved out into the open and presented his antagonist with a clear target. But the incredible cold demanded that there be action and that right soon.

If the two men stayed crouching behind (*Continued on page* 76)



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their rocks they would freeze to death. Elliott knew that—and so did Kendall, after ten minutes had passed.

A quarter of an hour after each had disappeared from view, Kendall looked cautiously from behind his rock. Instantly a bullet sent splinters flying from the rock a few inches from his face.

"Damn!" Kendall muttered, and wondered what the hell to do.

It was obvious now that Frank was temporarily as mad as a coot. One other member of the expedition had gone off his rocker a few weeks before and had had to be forcibly restrained. Frank's trouble must have been coming on for ages. He certainly had seemed strange for weeks. And to think it was because of Beryl! Why, she'd never given a thought to him except to say, once, that he wasn't the kind of man she would have picked for a best friend—if she'd been a man.

That remark had saddened Jim Kendall rather at the time, for he thought the world of Frank, having been his closest friend since schooldays. Later they had gone in search of a degree to London University together. They had qualified at the same time, had even applied and been accepted for this Antarctic expedition on the same day. . . .

But women rarely care for their husband's best friend, he had often thought. Beryl will like Frank when she gets to know him better.

HE peered out once again knowing that in a very few minutes the cold would have stiffened him so that he wouldn't be able to hold a rifle, never mind fire one!

He saw a movement as Elliott raised his rifle to fire. Almost without aiming he pulled the trigger then dropped out of sight as a bullet hummed angrily above the rock.

Nothing happened for a couple of minutes. When next he ventured to peer round the edge of the rock he whistled in some consternation.

For lying face downward on the snow was Frank Elliott. Evidently that last shot had caught him even as he exposed himself to fire his own rifle.

"Frank! Are you all right, old chap?" Kendall cried, and never even stopping to wonder if this was a trap to draw him into the open, set off across the snow towards his fallen friend.

The bullet had ploughed a furrow through Elliott's scalp knocking him unconscious. As Jim Kendall reached his side he groaned but did not open his eyes.

The next few minutes were spent by Kendall in getting the wounded man to the warmth and shelter of the tent. Elliott's blood was already beginning to freeze as it ran down his cheek.

As Kendall heated water then dressed the wound Elliott looked up at him. For a moment he frowned in puzzlement and pain. Then recollection came back to him.

He laughed harshly.

"So the biter was bit, after all," he said savagely. "What a fool I was to show myself like that. But I had you in my sights and had to take a chance!"

"Mine was a lucky shot, certainly," Kendall said quietly. "Now lie there and take it easy. For my part, I intend to forget all that's happened in the last half hour. If anyone's interested in your head when we return I shall say you had an accident with one of the guns."

Elliott did not speak. But his deep-set, brooding eyes followed Kendall's every movement as he prepared to settle down for the night.

"I see you don't intend me to murder you in your sleep," he jeered as Kendall tied the rifles together with a cord which he attached to his wrist.

Kendall did not reply. Climbing into his sleeping bag he closed his eyes.

But he did not relax until Elliott's steady breathing, more than an hour later, told him that the other was asleep.

THEY were up very early on the following morning, stepping out into the pale daylight to rouse the dogs still asleep in the snow.

Elliott was sick and shaky, and Jim Kendall, who had earlier insisted on dressing his wound, told him he must ride on the sledge as he was not fit to walk.

Elliott started to argue, then seeing that Kendall would stand no nonsense, did as he was told. Secretly he was glad to rest. His head ached vilely and he was suffering from a severe reaction at the failure of his attempt to kill Kendall.

As Kendall's "Mush! Mush!" set the huskies in motion, he watched, narrow-eyed, his companion's back as he trudged along beside the dogs. Why! if he'd not been such a mealy-mouthed fool Kendall would by now have been at the bottom of a crevasse and he'd have been driving the dogs hell for leather back to camp with a trip to England in prospect and Beryl at the end to reward him.

Instead——

Their way lay over snow and ice. It was slow going for Kendall, in snow-shoes, plodding along beside the dogs. If he had been prepared to bring the rifles within Elliott's reach, he could, of course, have ridden on the runners of the sledge.

But he carried one rifle slung over his back and the other at the trail in his hand.

It was a wild, lonely outlook that met the eyes of the travellers as, guided by compass, they made back towards the base camp. They had some fifteen miles to go, and, with the many rests they must take, it would be evening before they reached their destination. There was nothing to see but a white, unbroken waste of snow and ice with, behind them in the haze, the dim outline of the mountain they had visited on the previous day.

Elliott watched for a chance to turn the tables whenever they halted. But he was never allowed to get within three feet of the rifles, though Jim Kendall never let it be obvious that he was keeping the weapons well out of Elliott's reach.

The two men spoke little. Kendall prepared their mid-day meal and they ate it by the sledge. Elliott, when it was finished, stamped about to restore his circulation. But the movement brought on his headache and nausea again. He was glad to lie huddled up in furs on the sledge when the little expedition got under way once more.

A COUPLE of hours later he started up out of a doze at a sudden shout from Kendall.

They were still crossing the limitless waste of ice and snow with, apparently, nothing to break its barrenness. But Elliott, who was accustomed to such optical illusions, realized that Kendall, who was sprawling on the ice a few yards away, had fallen because some concealed creature had startled him. The huskies, too, had stopped and every hair on their backs seemed to have risen in fright.

As Elliott watched there appeared from behind a block of ice, which merged into the general landscape, a huge leopard seal. Full twelve feet in length it stared for a moment out of cruel little eyes at the prostrate man then, moving swiftly for so cumbersome a creature, made towards him, long, scimitar-like fangs bared.

Jim Kendall put out his hand, never for one second taking his eyes off the approaching monster. Elliott knew what he was feeling for: the rifle he had been carrying when he fell, for the one slung on his back was as inaccessible as if it had been in the sledge.

Elliott saw the rifle a few feet from his own hand. In falling to the ice it had skidded towards the sledge. He leaned over and picked it up.

The blood beat up into his head. In a flash he knew what he must do.

The killer seal would dispose of Kendall. And he would kill the seal. All he need do then was return to camp with Kendall's mutilated body. Q.E.D.

When Kendall realized that the rifle was out of his reach, he tried to struggle to his feet. But with a sharp cry he sank back again to the ice.

Elliott knew then that, in falling, he had either twisted or broken his ankle. It was a common enough accident for anyone wearing snow-shoes.

Kendall looked towards Elliott and saw how he had weighed up the situation. Horror dawned in his eyes realizing that Elliott did not mean to help him.

"Frank!" he gasped, hand flung out in appeal.

THE seal, the pattern of spots showing plainly against its shiny skin, seemed to come on quicker than before now that its victim had turned away from it. In a moment it would be on Kendall, smothering him with its bulk, tearing at him with those cruel fangs.

Suddenly there flashed through Frank Elliott's mind a picture of himself at school, small, puny, the victim of every bully, and of how, when suffering from one of his many tormentors, Jim Kendall had come into his life for the first time, fought his oppressor to a standstill, and then taken him to the tuck shop for a meal.

That had been the beginning of their friendship. . . .

"I know you hate me, Frank, but do me a last good turn," Kendall's voice begged. "Shoot me! For God's sake, shoot me!"

The seal reared over the fallen man. Frank Elliott, as if in response to Kendall's voice but actually obeying some instinct he could not deny, raised the rifle to his shoulder and fired. . . .

* * *

Frank Elliott plodded over the last snowy ridge and with an encouraging "Mush! Mush!" led the dog team towards the little cluster of huts set at the edge of the bay.

Jim Kendall's voice, thrilling with excitement, came from the sledge on which he lay

"It's the *Snowbird*, Frank! Gosh! they're here already."

Elliott raised his snow goggles. Constant staring at the ice had temporarily made it difficult for him to focus his eyes except at nearby objects.

He peered towards the bay, seeing, after a few seconds, the trim little survey vessel which had now anchored there after finding its way a thousand miles through the pack ice to take off the marooned scientists.

He looked back at Kendall. His voice was thick with emotion when he spoke:

"Thank God my madness left me when it did, Jim. This would have been a dreadful moment for me if I'd come to my senses and realized that——"

He shivered. Jim Kendall grinned.

"Forget it, old man. Anyone is liable to go crackers after two years in this part of the world. After all, you did shoot the seal—not me. That's all that matters."

Elliott did not say any more. A few seconds later the sledge was being driven recklessly across the ice towards the cluster of men who had come to the door of the hut to welcome them back.

Half an hour later when the medical officer had attended to Kendall's sprained ankle, a letter which had come by the *Snowbird*, was handed to him. Frank Elliott, standing by his side, turned away recognizing Beryl Trent's handwriting.

He went to make his report on the expedition to Mount Wrath to Telford.

He could not bear to be inactive while Jim was reading the letter from the girl he was to marry. Though sanity had returned when he had shot the seal and thus saved his friend's life, he still felt a forlornness, conscious of Jim's happiness and his own loneliness.

Later when he still continued to avoid his friend, Jim sent for him.

"Read that!" he said, handing Beryl's letter over.

Elliott frowned. He had steeled himself to the thought that Beryl would never belong to him, but he did not yet feel sure enough of himself to read calmly a love letter from her to another man.

But Jim was waiting. There was nothing for it. He knitted his brows over the rather spidery writing.

The letter was dated six months before. It was short and to the point:

Dear Jim,

When you read this I shall be married. When I heard you were likely to be marooned indefinitely on Lonely Island I

knew you wouldn't expect me to wait for you. After all, I'm twenty-five now and I want a home of my own. I do hope you will be rescued soon and that you will find someone else who will make you happy.

Yours,

Beryl.

It was a cruel letter. Frank Elliott swore softly, then met his friend's eyes. To his amazement Jim was smiling a trifle wryly.

"It doesn't hurt as much as it should," Jim said. "You see, Frank, Beryl has seemed unreal for a very long time now. Somehow, it seems much more important that we're friends again."

Elliott's sombre face cleared. He, too, smiled, as an incongruous thought struck him.

Duel For A Lady

A bubble of mirth rose in his throat and would not be denied.

"What's funny?" Jim demanded.

"It's damn' silly but—well, it just occurred to me what a damn' fool I should have looked if, after going to the trouble of getting rid of you, I'd found Beryl was married after all."

They laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks. Other members of the expedition gathered round asking to share the joke.

But they didn't give away their secret. That was theirs and theirs alone, a most precious possession that would bind them together for the rest of their lives.

END

Portrait Of A Woman

(*Continued from page* 31)

abstract design into which he fitted the face and the arms of his model.

For some weeks Angelo struggled with his loss of ability, destroying canvas after canvas. At last, when he had reached desperation, Angelo opened the door of his studio to be greeted by Jacob Kreisler. The little art dealer was on business in Paris.

They talked together for some time before Jacob asked Angelo why he had received no paintings for two months. When Angelo had explained, Jacob sat for a moment, thinking. "Do you paint your models in the dresses they sit in?" he asked eventually.

"Why no," replied Angelo, "I used to at one time, but I discovered that the dresses of my imagination were always better than those of reality. As long as the dress is the right colour I ask nothing more."

The older man became thoughtful again. Angelo's eyes misted as he dreamed of his wife's portrait. As always, he imagined it in the splendid setting of a fine house, admired by all who saw it for the beauty of the woman who had been his wife, and for the glowing richness of her dress.

JACOB KREISLER reached a decision. His hand went to his breast pocket and produced a cheque book. He scribbled a cheque, and handed it to a surprised Angelo.

"A cheque for two hundred pounds, which I lend you," announced Jacob, "you can pay it back with paintings. Take your most beautiful model to the most famed dressmaker in Paris, and buy her the best dress in his collection. Then return here to paint, and do not stop painting until you have regained your confidence."

Angelo escorted Maria, a beautiful young Italian, to the salon of Jacques Dupres, and asked for the magnificent Jacques himself. Dupres' eyes lighted up at the sight of Maria. After a succession of fat and unaesthetic matrons it would be a delight to dress so beautiful a mademoiselle.

He, Dupres, ordered an assistant to bring three dresses for Angelo to see. Maria looked delightful in each of them, but Angelo was not satisfied, the dresses were competent, but uninspiring.

Dress after dress received shake after shake of Angelo's head. Nothing, it appeared, could satisfy him. Dupres' patience began to wear thin; he would not have minded had Maria been fat, but she was beautiful, and his dresses were created for beautiful women. Besides, what an advertisement she would be for his ability.

Finally Dupres turned to Angelo with a shrug of his elegant shoulders.

"You are a little difficult, m'sieur, but I have yet a trump card to play. A dress magnificent, superb, almost sublime. Paulette," to an assistant, "fetch the dress from my room."

The girl returned in a few moments with a long box, and disappeared, with Maria, into the dressing-room. Angelo waited a little impatiently, expecting no more of this last dress than of the others.

The door opened, and, for a few long seconds. Angelo's wife stood in the doorway smiling at him, a beautiful woman in evening dress. There were deep and sombre reds in the dress, shadows that lurked subtly in the folds of rich material, highlights dancing upon the sheen of the light net which delicately framed the ivory throat. Blacker, deeper than the shadows, were the eyes and hair of the woman; the eyes sparkling and mischievous, the hair lustrous, thickly clustered in wide, natural curls.

"Well, do you like the dress?" asked Maria, turning so that Angelo could see the material better. Her voice brought Angelo back to reality. He turned to Dupres. "Where did you get that dress?"

"I created it, m'sieur," replied Dupres, "it is my best effort to date. Do you not find yourself admiring it?"

"Where did you get that dress," repeated Angelo, his voice cold and flat.

"M'sieur, I cannot understand. I——"

"Where did you get that dress," reiterated Angelo.

Dupres realized that something was wrong. "If m'sieur will follow me to my room, I will tell him all that he wishes to know about the dress."

When they were alone, the debonair little Frenchman turned to Angelo with a slightly worried glance. "I trust that all I tell you will be kept private, m'sieur."

Angelo nodded.

"The dress was, I am almost ashamed to admit, inspired by the painting of a young English-Italian artist. I saw the painting at a sale in London, became so fascinated that I paid a ridiculous sum for it. The result—you have seen it for yourself."

"May I see the painting," asked Angelo, struggling to keep the rising emotion from his voice. Dupres walked in silence to a cupboard door, and opened it until it stood back against the wall. On the back of the door hung Angelo's portrait of his wife.

From the distance, Angelo heard Dupres, voice continuing to talk of the portrait.

"It is strange," laughed Dupres, "that because I paid the price for that portrait the reputation of a young painter was made. Such is the true value of aesthetic judgment."

A cool wind blew in at the office window, wafting soothingly across Angelo's mind. He noticed the sunlight tracing strange geometrical shapes across one half of the room. The world was suddenly humorous again. Angelo threw back his head and laughed. . . .

* * *

Two years later; Naples in early spring. Maria, lovelier than imagination in her native country, gazed at the portrait of herself which hung above the broad marble fireplace. Her husband had given it to her on their wedding day. As many times in the past, she marvelled at the cloth of the dress, red as the purest of wine, intoxicatingly rich. In his studio, Angelo was singing as he worked.

END

WOMEN
WHO
WORRY

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Our Nights Were Gay (*Continued from page 15*)

house does to-day—the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand—that, indeed, was a thoroughfare for Starshine. It is derelict now—waiting for the housebreakers to sweep it away, but once it was the brightest spot of the night lights of London when those lights were very bright indeed. And what made it so? Why, the wonderful people who put the soul into the Gaiety.

The Gaiety shows—and it was at the Gaiety that Musical Comedy was invented—were perfectly made entertainments, with enough story to hold the interest and a company which included supreme exponents of the art of that form of show. The scenery was beautiful but never obscured the performers—it was a proper background, which is what scenery should be, the costumes were the envy of every woman in the house—and set the fashion as well as following it—and the wearers thereof were the last word in feminine talent and charm. And they were One Hundred Per Cent Feminine. . . .

The music? Well, the music was on a par with the shows and fitted like the costumes. It was home-made music, in our own idiom and those melodies from the Gaiety—from the pens of Lionel Monckton, Paul Rubens, Ivan Caryll, Leslie Stuart and the rest of them—have lingered on. . . .

EDWARDES believed in a team—and how right he was. And the Gaiety had a team which has never been and probably never will be equalled. Let us take a look at its members who drew all London—all the Empire, to say nothing of Europe—and to see whom King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra graced the opening night of the Gaiety when it was rebuilt at the corner of Aldwych on October 26, 1903. Royalty at a First Night was unprecedented then—but the Gaiety was—and always had been—King Edward's favourite theatre—and he was no mean judge. His subjects shared his taste, too.

And on that First Night that Gaiety audience saw a musical play called *The Orchid* and a choice bloom it was, with some of the best people our lighter stage had to show as its petals. . . .

There was Gertie Millar, who was in her delectable self the very spirit of the Gaiety personified. What Nellie Farren had been to the original Gaiety, she was to the new one. So great, indeed, was her power, so much did she embody the Theatre that when, in the years to come, she left it, the place was never the same again.

To-day she is a countess and adorns that rank as much as she adorned the stage. She had a humble beginning in Bradford and she never cares who knows it. She went on the stage—she worked hard for small money—literally for a few shillings a week, in all sorts of things, burlesque, pantomime—what you will. Then she got into a touring company of a Gaiety show, *The Messenger Boy*. She was playing it in Bradford—her home town—she was a success—she was on top of the world.

They told her that a most important man, Lionel Monckton, would be "in front" on the Saturday night. "Never heard of him," she said. But nevertheless, she did her best and she sang the song "Maisie"—which Rosie Boote—now the Marchioness of Headfort and a lovely, gracious marchioness—had set the world whistling at the Gaiety—giving it all she had.

Mr. Monckton came round to see Gertie Millar. He was tall, handsome, distinguished and most courteous. She had never seen his like before. She was most impressed. He said he would speak to Mr. Edwardes about her. He did—he did more—he married her.

It was not only beauty—although she had that and still has—it was charm, it was grace, it was genuine talent and real mastery of her work—and it was individuality, too. She could sing a song with point and not a vestige of a syllable was lost. She could speak lines in the same way. And she could dance superbly. She knew how to take hold of an audience, without the aid of a microphone. What she did—and she, like the rest of them, did so much—she and they did themselves. That was why their memories endure. She really sparkled like a diamond and her eyes always had a merry glint. She radiated friendship and gaiety. She was beloved in the Theatre, she was always nice to everyone and the chorus girls adored her.

Once, when rehearsing a very intricate dance in *Our Miss Gibbs*, she kept them at it for a long time. And when the rehearsal was over she apologized to them and asked them all to have a drink. The girls refused—for she was a great star and they were most polite to such people. But she twinkled at them as she left and told them not to run away . . . and a few moments later—up came bottles of champagne for them—with Gertie Millar's love. That dance was "Moonstruck." It was perhaps Gertie Millar's masterpiece in the last Gaiety show in which she appeared. And when, at night, she left the stage door the crowd of young men and general public parted to let her pass by, like the Queen of the Theatre she was and stood bareheaded as she entered her brougham to drive away—and her lovely smile found a response on every face.

THEN there was Marie Studholme. Hers was beauty of a different kind. She was not very tall, but most divinely fair and she had a figure, real feminine curves then so much admired—and quite rightly, too. Marie Studholme never had the wonderful attack and speed of Gertie Millar—she was a midsummer day as against a spring morning. She could sing, and she could dance a bit, too. And she was a good actress. But it was quiet charm with her—a most enchanting smile which could have lit up the darkest night. The public adored her. Her face—and that smile—adorned countless picture postcards, for these women were of the Picture Postcard era. When she toured the country it was like a progress. People ran beside her carriage as she drove by. They waited outside to see her go in—they dashed round to get seats and they ran back to the stage door to see her come out again.

She was in herself the sweetest woman and she communicated her nature to everyone. She was a perfect hostess and she was always helping those who needed it. Not long ago, when I wrote an article about her, I was inundated with letters from people who had loved her—and one wanted to know where her grave was, for she has passed on—so that he could lay a further tribute there. Are there many such people to-day? But she was one of the great ones of the Gaiety—a real woman of charm who could do her job in the British way and who was never known to speak ill of anyone. It was charm first and last which made her fame—and that is no small thing.

Of a very different type was Connie Ediss. Her line was comedy. There was quite a lot of Connie Ediss physically and every ounce told. She joined the Gaiety in *My Girl*—the old Gaiety in 1896—not one of the most successful shows—but she made a success. She was born in Brighton and she had been on the music halls. She had astounded George Edwardes by refusing his offer of a job at the Gaiety. He could not understand that. It happened at Brighton, too. She said she had never studied singing and had never tried to act. She said she could not do it. But Edwardes knew better and he was right. She took the job in the end and she was a success. She made history on her first appearance by dancing "The Cake Walk"—the first time British audiences had seen it.

ON that first night of *The Orchid* a little wisp of sunkissed thistledown floated on to the stage, all demure in a gown of Quaker grey and announced that she was "the Minister's Private Secretary." She had a thin little pipe of a voice—but distinct diction, as they all had—but that did not matter. For she danced, and how she danced, it was a summer wind across a cornfield—a strip of gossamer floating on a zephyr. And up would go a long, slim leg in a high kick and every man's heart throbbed. She had a halo of real golden hair which surmounted the prettiest face possible—a girl cupid's face right off a magazine cover or a chocolate box—and her name was Gabrielle Ray. She became the most photographed actress which even the Gaiety had known . . . and many of those old photographs are treasured to-day.

The Gaiety Girls had broken into photography early. They had done so in the days of the Old Gaiety—when its manager and founder, John Hollingshead, had found it necessary to put a note on the call board that ladies in receipt of less than £2 per week as salary were requested not to drive up to the theatre in their broughams.

And the first of the photographic beauties was Maude Branscombe. Her photo—cabinet size—(there were no postcards then) was treasured by innumerable men. Her face got everywhere—even on to the oleographs which were typical of the period and it adorned one of a religious nature which showed a young lady clinging to a rock and surrounded by a tempestuous sea—illustrative of a popular hymn. That got into thousands of homes of people who would have died rather than go to the Gaiety and who never knew that they treasured the picture of Maude Branscombe—a Gaiety Girl.

Gabrielle Ray knew her singing limitations. She always complained when given a song with three or four verses. She knew that however well she learned it, all but the first verse and chorus would be cut. It always was. But what of that? It was the dance and the beauty that mattered. And when, in pink pyjamas, she announced that she was a lovely little lady to adore—young men nearly got crushed to death at the stage door—just to see her. . . .

THERE was tall, statuesque Jean Alwin, a beautiful Scottish lass, dark and handsome and Venus-like in proportions. There was Ethel Sydney who still sheds her grace amongst us—who starred at both the old and new Gaiety and who had a turn for comedy and a turn for sentiment both equally good.

There was Olive May, slim and full of brunette beauty, who could sing and dance well—she, too, joined the peerage. Constance Collier was one of the many who were Gaiety Girls, Mabel Russell, who actually became a Member of Parliament (there was nothing the Gaiety Girls could not do) and wonderful Gladys Cooper—who became actress-manageress and who still decks our stage with her beauty and talent and who stars to-day in Noël Coward's latest play . . . so many more who deserve memories . . . like clever Ada Reeve—the first star of the first musical comedy—and everybody's sweetheart, Ellaline Terriss and her husband, Seymour Hicks—who come into the story later.

There were mere men at the Gaiety, too. There was George Grossmith—then known as Junior because his great father was still alive. He was the incarnation of the Gaiety on the male side and nobody knew more about Musical Comedy than he. He it was who brought the fabulous Gaby Deslys to the Gaiety in *The New Aladdin* to personate "The Charm of Paris." And did she do it? She did!

THERE was Edmund Payne—the really funny little man with the funny face, the funny manner, the funny lisp, a real sense of characterization and a marvellous dancer. How his tiny feet twinkled. He always rehearsed in velvet slippers. At new productions he would weigh his part in his hand and if it felt on the light side he drew the gloomiest conclusions! But he never failed. He rode down to the Theatre every day on a tricycle and he loved sport. Sometimes he was known to miss a matinée if a big event was toward. He was a real comedian, who never found it needful to be blue or even vulgar. . . .

There was Arthur Hatherton, a tower of strength, Robert Nairby who always played foreign parts, Harry Grattan, who died only

the other day, a fine actor who wrote magnicent music-hall sketches. Charlie Brown—debonair and perfect mannered, who to-day holds a high post in the commercial world of New York but remains the essence of West End London—and of his country. Little Joe Grande, the pocket basso-profundo . . . so many more.

And there were the Gaiety Girls—the most famous collection of femininity the stage of any country has ever known. First and foremost they were women—they were Girls. They were not expected to have brilliant talent, though many of them had it. They were there for beauty. And they have never been equalled. Young men fought for their favours—some married peers, others just ordinary, everyday men and made perfect wives. For there was a something about them which words cannot describe. Admirers hired stalls or a box for every night of the run to behold them. Amazing gifts were sent to them through the hands of Jupp, the custodian of that stage door. And a young man who had the honour of taking one out to sup had his head in a whirl and was the envied of his fellows. He took her to Romano's or Rule's. She was a queen and he her adoring subject. He would drive her to her suburban home in a hansom after the meal, under the star-decked sky of a London night and the drive was a voyage in a fairy boat filled with enchantment.

So the youth of our land and of the City of London would get through the day with a vision of the time when the evening would fall and the Gaiety Girls would float along the Strand—they moved in their own manner, full of grace—and through that portal which led to such visions, such delight—the stage door of the Gaiety—the gateway of joy and starshine—in a world which existed such a short time ago, as time goes, but which seems so distant to-day—a world in which speed was not the master but when there was time for beauty and when man was master of the machine. A world which was decked with that Illusion which came from the Theatre—and came with such irresistible force from the stage door of the Gaiety—that Theatre of Enchantment in an enchanted age.

END

Our Nights Were Gay

Good Enough To Live With

(*Continued from page* 39)

completely fulfil our needs. True, Scandinavian severity of the exhibition rooms and the functional lines of their furniture have cleared our minds by contrast with the fussiness of the shop's "model" room. If they have not entirely convinced us it is because their designers are in danger of falling into the very error they deplore in others : losing touch with the needs of real people.

THE Scandinavian designers would have us believe that "furniture is a set of tools for living." True, but when we buy furniture we buy more than mere "tools." We may not always be conscious of it, but we buy the psychological bulwark against an already too-bleak outside world that is summed up in the word "home." We buy a sense of permanence and solidity in a world in which little seems either permanent or solid. Not for nothing is the traditional English wing chair a symbol of the cosiness that is perhaps the one unchanging characteristic of the typically English home. And we demand that our homes should give expression to the innate and legitimate desire for adornment and decoration that is common to every people.

The design snob would tell us, too, that while it is legitimate to furnish with genuine antiques, to furnish with even the most faithful reproductions is unpardonable. What nonsense ! A design is precisely as good or bad when carefully copied as it was to start with.

Fortunately, as a race we have little tolerance of artistic or intellectual cant. The English home will no doubt continue to be what it has always traditionally been : a place, above everything homely and comfortable, expressing the individual personalities of its inhabitants, warm in the widest sense.

END

Jason And The Golden Fleece

(*Continued from page* 24)

almost suffice? So much one could accomplish through love.

So before the king and the assembled people, Jason yoked the now docile bulls, which would not touch him on account of the unguent with which he was anointed, and ploughed the sacred field of Ares. In it he sowed the dragon's teeth, and when an armed host sprang from them, threatening him with destruction, he threw Medea's stone among them, and instantly they turned their weapons against each other in fury and confusion until all had perished in the conflict.

"Stay !" cried the alarmed Æetes before Jason could embark on his third task. The king would thwart him yet, by contriving a plan to murder him and his faithful companions and burn their *Argo* ; for the knowledge of what final success, and the loss of the fleece, would mean to him and his kingdom drove him to desperate measures. But again Medea came to Jason's aid, by divulging her father's evil designs.

BEFORE the king could put his plan into execution Jason stole to the sacred grove under cover of night, lulled the dragon to sleep with the magic potion, and took the golden fleece from the oak-bough on which it hung. Then he sped back to the waiting Medea and his brother-Argonauts, with them embarked hurriedly on his ship, and put to sea.

When Æetes, the next morning, discovered the loss of the fleece, his daughter and beloved son Absyrtus—for she had taken him with her—and his intended victims, he boarded a vessel and set out in pursuit. He was about to overtake the Argonauts when Medea yet again came to Jason's aid with a sacrifice which cost her dear, but which she deemed worthy of the great mission she now shared, and the only means of averting defeat and disaster.

WITHOUT hesitation she slew her brother and flung his limbs along the shore ; and the stricken king, seeing his son's tragic remains, gave up the chase to land and retrieve them. On their subsequent voyaging, an oracle's voice at the mast-head told the Argonauts that they would never reach home until both Medea and Jason had atoned for the murder. They set course for the port of Æea, hoping that Circe, the sister of Æetes, would grant them expiation. She submitted them to purifying rites, but told them expiation could only be found on the promontory of Malea. On the way there they had to run the gauntlet of ominous Scylla and Charybdis, where Orpheus sang loudly to drown the voices of the sirens, lest they lure the voyagers on to the rocks. More perils beset them at Crete, guarded by the giant Talos, whom Medea had to subdue with another potion. But at last they reached Malea, expiated their crime, and sailed for Iolcos and home.

Jason consecrated his *Argo* to the sea-god Poseidon on the Isthmus of Corinth. The heroes, before parting, pledged to help one another in war and honour Zeus with public games which became in time the Olympic festivals. And so ended a quest of long ago, the legendary prototype of many perilous ones in the annals of mankind.

END

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Vacant Possession (*Continued from page 12*)

I was out of bed and in the passage. Not a thing to be seen. I peeped into the children's room, they were sleeping peacefully, looking like angels bathed in moonlight. I padded back to Claudia. "Think it's anything to do with young Peggy?" I suggested hopefully.

"I'll go and see," she said, pale but determined. She came back at once. "She's still asleep, but if she does wake up—we've had Peggy."

Pandemonium broke out. The noises were all round us. Doors banged, windows rattled and there seemed to be a thunderstorm going on somewhere in the lower regions of the house. In the middle of it all we heard Peggy screaming. Somehow we managed to get her through the children's room without them waking. We took her down to the kitchen and Claudia made some tea. The girl's teeth chattered against the cup: "I want to go home," she wailed.

"And so you shall, dear," Claudia said, and as soon as the first birds began to sing she started to pack. She never came back and there wasn't a woman in the village willing to come near the house even in the daytime.

WITH all the chores to do, three children to take care of, and not one good night in seven, Claudia was soon reduced to a quivering bundle of nerves.

A few nights later I arrived home from the station to find Claudia in tears. She'd found the corpse of a rabbit in the sitting-room when she'd got back from a trip to the village, and when she'd put the children to bed, the skeleton of a bird had grinned up at her from the baby's cot.

"That settles it," I said. "I'm taking you and the children back to Town tomorrow. I'm going to see this thing through on my own."

"I'm not leaving," Claudia said, wiping her eyes," but the children will have to go. You can take them with you in the morning."

"And leave you here alone? Not likely!"

The shadow of a grin appeared on her face. "I shan't be alone. My cousin Edward is coming down to stay."

"Since when have you had a cousin Edward?"

She even managed a giggle. "Look—read this—and this. . . ." She held out an advertisement torn from a magazine devoted to psychical research and a neatly typed letter signed: Edward Burbage. The advertisement read: Ghost hunter offered holiday accommodation and good food in badly haunted Sussex cottage. Box——.

"Do you mean to say. . . ."

"I put that notice in two weeks ago and picked Edward out of twelve replies. He's young and active and says he's willing to work for his keep. He'll be here any minute now; he's coming down on the seven thirty-five from Victoria.

I scratched my head. "You baffle me. Why does he have to be a cousin?"

"You town types haven't a clue. If he isn't properly accounted for the village will talk and the Snags will smell a rat. . . ."

"Nothing new for them," I said, remembering the decayed rodent I'd found in the bath the night before, "that's if it *is* the Snags. . . ."

EDWARD BURBAGE was small and slight with fair, fluffy hair and blues eyes behind bi-focal lenses. The general effect was that of a benevolent young owl.

"Nice to see you, old boy," I said heartily. "How's Aunt Emily?"

"Flourishing. Sends her love. How're Claudia and the kids?"

We passed into the cottage and to my surprise he whispered: "Keep it up, the cousin business, just in case."

Nothing happened that night, or the next, but after that little break we were back to abnormal, as Claudia put it. The cottage would reverberate with noise and for good measure trumpet blasts and wailing voices were added to the orchestration.

While it was going on Edward would behave like a terrier engaged on a rat hunt. Noiseless and almost invisible in his black dressing-gown and rubber sneakers, he seemed to be everywhere at once, frightening the life out of us by popping up where we least expected to find him. The longer the disturbances went on, the happier he would be.

ALTHOUGH it was a Saturday, I was so behind with my work that I had to go up to the office. Claudia came out to see me off. "To-night you'll be able to sleep in peace," Claudia said, kissing me passionately.

"You think so?"

She nodded. "There's a fête on in the village. The Snag tells fortunes in a tent. It's a yearly fixture—the village says she's marvellous. A proper old witch. She'll be much too tired for haunting."

"What about Crump?"

She grinned. "He's got a date, too—with a pheasant. . . ."

"Does Bert Carter know about this?"

"Even a gamekeeper has to have a little holiday now and again," she said reasonably.

That night we went to bed early and got in several blissful hours of sleep before we were wakened by loud, insistent knocking. "Don't take any notice," I mumbled to Claudia. "Let's ignore the whole thing. . . ."

She shook me impatiently: "It's Edward. He wants to talk to you."

"I don't feel like talking." She gave me a wifely prod in the ribs and yawning dismally I got up and opened the door. Edward was grinning. "Sorry to wake you, but I'm expecting the balloon to go up. Knew you wouldn't want to miss it."

"What balloon . . .?" I began, resentfully. Claudia pushed my dressing-gown at me. "Quick, let's get down in the kitchen." We found Edward at the window, staring at the bungalow. It looked normal enough to me, but when I mentioned the fact they both hissed at me like a couple of snakes. We stood there for ten minutes and I was just going back to bed when Bert Carter crept out from the shadows of the fir-trees with a sack in his hand.

"Thought you said he was going to Brighton . . ." I began. Claudia pressed her fingers across my lips. She was trembling with excitement. Bert had reached the bungalow by now. After a struggle with the sack he pushed something through the open window and then melted away in the shadows of the spinney.

ALMOST at once the female Snag began to scream. From the noise she was making I judged that someone was cutting her up with a blunt knife. I made for the door. We had no reason to love the woman, Heaven knew, but I couldn't stand by and see her murdered. . . .

Edward put a bony hand on my arm: "Stay where you are," he said calmly. "Nobody's hurting her."

"She's coming here . . ." Claudia gasped.

Edward unlocked the back door and the woman pelted in, still screaming. "In my hair—I shall go mad—a bat!" she yelled. Whereupon she went off into a fit of screaming hysterics.

Edward's performance was equally alarming. Snatching a vase of flowers from the table he threw the contents slap into Mrs. Crump's glistening face. While the wretched woman was still gasping from the shock he said brutally: "There are no bats here *Madame Dresco*—and no ghosts, either."

The silence that followed was rather shocking. Mrs. Crump stared at Edward as though she couldn't believe her ears. He said coldly: "Your dyed hair put me off for a bit, but I soon found out who you were. All we have to do now is hand you over to the police. . . ."

Like a disintegrating jelly she dissolved into tears and dropped, blubbering to her knees. "Let me go," she sobbed, "I promise I'll never do it again. . . ."

I tried to butt in, but Edward pushed me aside. "If she gets what she deserves she'll spend the next ten years in prison," he said.

The sobs and moans were intensified. With great distaste Claudia said quickly: "As long as she goes, Edward—that's all I want. Now—this minute. . . ."

Heaving her up as though she were a sack of potatoes, we propelled her towards the door. "You heard what Mrs. Fletcher said," Edward called after her, "if you're not off the premises first thing in the morning, you know what to expect."

I flopped into a chair, mopping my brow. "What's all this about Madame Dresco? What does it all mean?"

EDWARD took off his spectacles and looked at us with a twinkle in his mild blue eyes. "That was her professional name. She was quite a notorious medium at one time, bogus of course. Her husband used to help. They must have been living here ever since. With her gifts it must have been the easiest job in the world, haunting Cleggetts."

I still couldn't quite take it in. "You mean to say the Crumps were responsible for everything that happened here—voices, footsteps—the whole works?"

"Of course—who else?"

"Didn't I tell you so, Joe?" Claudia put in triumphantly.

"How did they get in, then?" I said, "underneath the door or through the keyhole?"

"No difficulty there," Edward said mildly, "they would naturally fit themselves up with duplicate keys to every door in the house."

"And the footsteps without feet, and the rappings—how were they done?"

"Simple, really," Edward said. The cottage is built round the main chimney and most of the rooms have inset cupboards. Each side of the chimney there are concealed iron rungs. All Crump had to do was climb a little way up and make appropriate noises through sounding rods, while his wife added to the confusion down below."

"This will give you another nice little tit-bit for your note-book," I said to Edward.

He had the grace to look a trifle confused. "I naturally wanted as full a case history as was possible," he said apologetically.

"You see," Claudia explained, "Edward's writing a book about haunted houses. He's going to call the chapter about Cleggetts—'Vacant Possession.'" She smiled at me happily: "Oh—darling! I can hardly believe it's all over!"

As she spoke there were three loud knocks at the front of the house. "Anyone about?" a comfortable Sussex voice cried cheerfully, "Saw your light so I knew you hadn't gone to bed."

Half laughing and half crying Claudia said: "We thought you were a ghost, Bert. Come right in!"

He was still carrying the sack. "How did Mrs. Crump like her bat, Mr. Burbage?" he asked, grinning at Edward.

"She wasn't very keen," Edward said. "How did you get on?"

"I caught old Crump red-handed, just as he was knocking one of my birds off its perch." He grinned reminiscently.

"What have you done with him?" I asked.

He nodded his head towards the bungalow. "I let him go home. I'll get old Parsons to charge him first thing in the morning."

It took mounds of bread and cheese and pickles, several bottles of cider and all Claudia's persuasive powers—which is saying a lot—to make Bert change his mind. But in the end we had our way. The Snags left unmolested—and without saying goodbye.

For a little while the cottage seemed so quiet after dark, we found it hard to get to sleep. The children soon put that right. We are still hoping that one day they will grow out of their favourite game—"haunting" unsuspecting guests.

END

1.2.52

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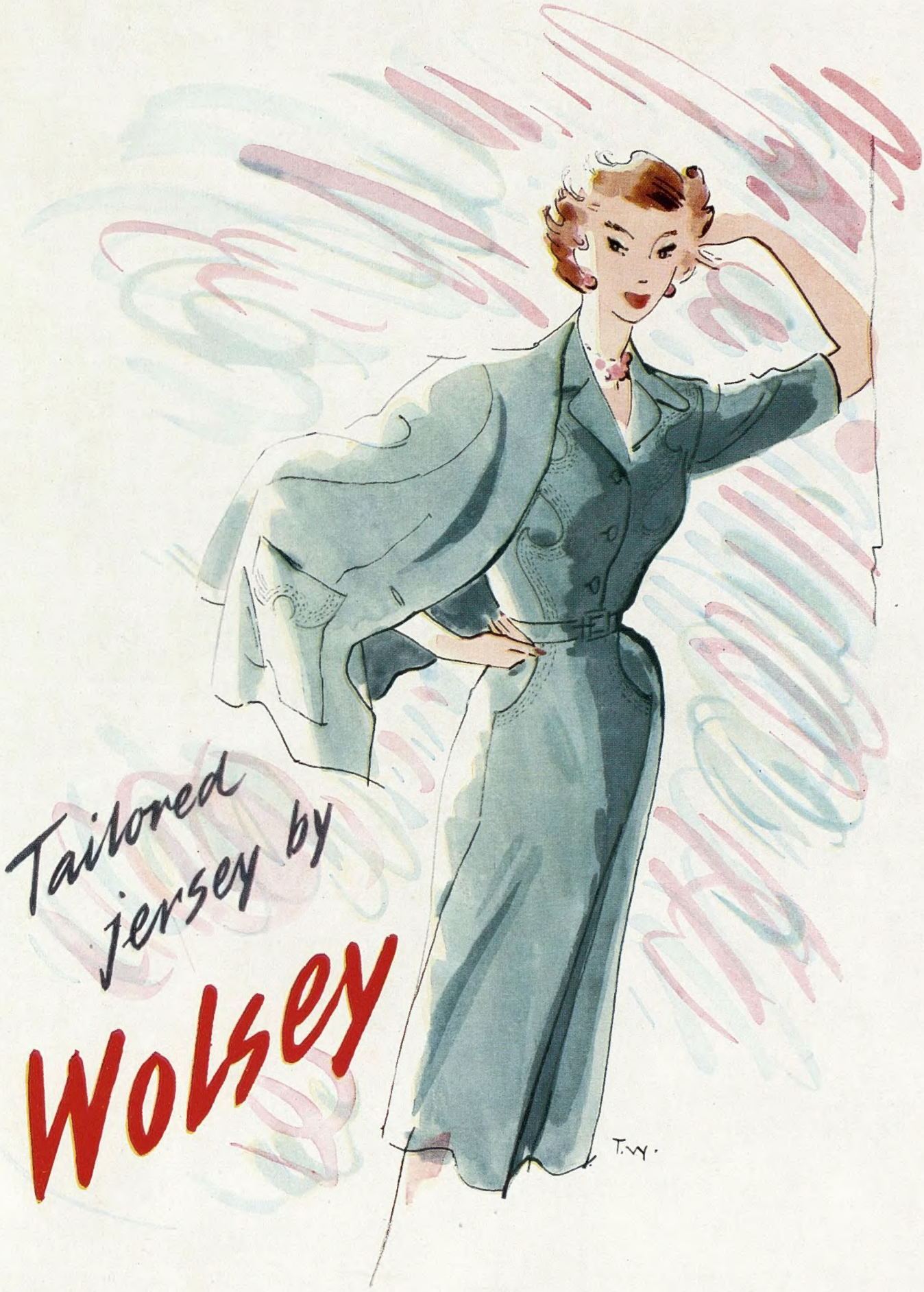

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